

2695

LITTELL'S
LIVING
AGE.

Public Library

LITTELL & CO.,
No. 31 Bedford Street,
BOSTON.

COLBURN'S
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

LONDON MAGAZINE

WORTH'S
MAGAZINE

THE
ECLECTIC
REVIEW

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH
MAGAZINE

BENTLEY'S
MISCELLANY

Supplemental Magazine

FRASER'S
MAGAZINE

THE
PROSPECTIVE
REVIEW

COLBURN'S
UNITED STATES
MAGAZINE

DUBLIN
MAGAZINE

THE
RETROSPECTIVE
REVIEW

Maxton's
LITERARY
REGISTER

THE
EDINBURGH
REVIEW

THE
QUARTERLY
REVIEW

REVUE
DES MONDES

THE
JOURNAL

POET=LORE

A Monthly Magazine of
Letters, devoted to the
Appreciation of the Poets,
and Comparative Literature

FEBRUARY, 1896.

THE DEMOCRATIC AND ARISTOCRATIC IN LITERATURE.

Dr. Richard Burton.

TALISMAN: A MASQUE. Second Movement. *Richard Hovey.*

ROBERT BROWNING AS A LETTER-WRITER. Extracts
from Rare Letters. *William G. Kingsland.*

THE COLOR ELEMENT IN KEATS' 'EVE OF ST. AGNES.'

M. S. Anderson.

MORAL PROPORTION AND FATALISM IN SHAKESPEARE'S
'CORIOLANUS.' Barnes Shakespeare Prize Essay. VIII.

Ella Adams Moore.

'IN MEMORIAM' AND OTHER TENNYSONIA. *Dr. W. J.
Rolfe.*

AMERICAN VERSE: Bliss Carman, N. H. Dole, W. W. Newell. *C.*

PERSONALIA: COLERIDGE, ARNOLD, STEVENSON. *P.*

SCHOOL OF LITERATURE. How to Study Wordsworth's Ode
to Duty. *P. A. C.*

NOTES AND NEWS. Longfellow's 'Evangeline' and 'Aucassin
and Nicolette.'—The New Poet Laureate.—Alfred Austin on
William Watson's 'Purple East.'

YEARLY, \$2.50.

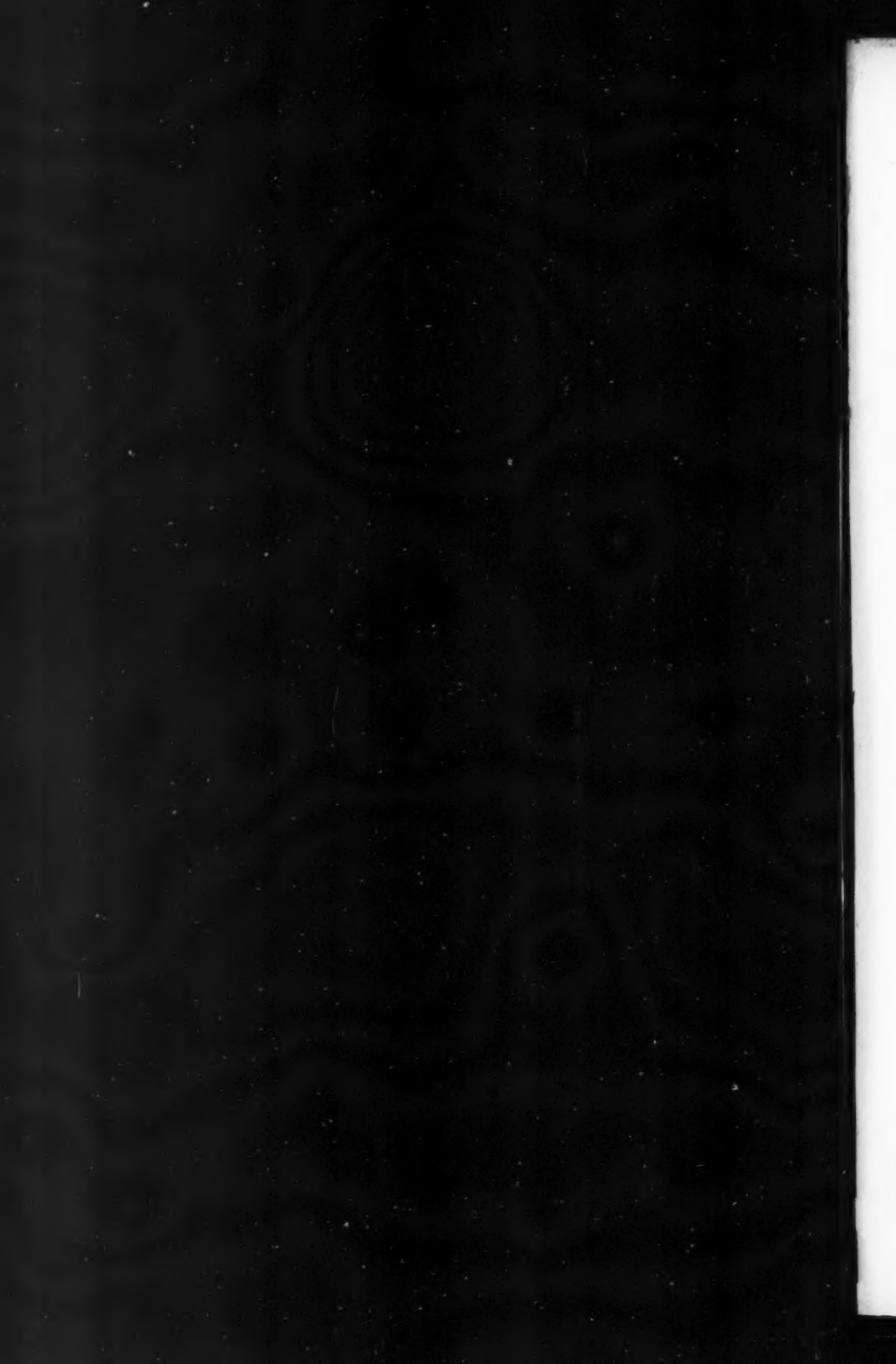
THIS NUMBER, 25 cts.

THE MARCH NUMBER will contain A Short Story-Sketch by WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE; a second paper on the 'Democratic and Aristocratic in Literature,' by DR. RICHARD BURTON; 'A Bit of Art from Matthew Arnold,' by LUCY ALLEN PATON; A Paper on Shakespeare's 'King John'; a Study Paper on Whittier's 'Witch's Daughter'; 'Some British Verse, New and Old: William Watson, Christina Rossetti, and others'; 'Margaret Fuller and her Friends'; 'The Scarlet Letter'; Browning and Shakespeare Notes, etc.

POET-LORE STUDY LEAFLETS ARE NOW BEING ISSUED AT 15c.
each. Send for Circulars.

POET-LORE COMPANY, 196 Summer ⁶ _{ton.}





LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series, }
Volume IX.

No. 2695.—February 29, 1896.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCVIII.

CONTENTS.

I. HOW TO READ. By Arnold Haultain, . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . .	515
II. "MACHINA EX—CÆLO," . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . .	528
III. GERMANY UNDER THE EMPIRE. By A. Eubule Evans, . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . .	542
IV. TIFLIS. By Walter B. Harris, . . .	<i>National Review</i> , . . .	549
V. THE DANE AT HOME, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . .	555
VI. THE LOST AMBASSADOR. By Margaret Howitt. Conclusion, . . .	<i>Good Words</i> , . . .	563
VII. JOHANNESBURG THE GOLDEN, . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . .	567
VIII. THE SELAMLIK. By Mary A. M. Marks. <i>Argosy</i> , . . .		572
IX. THE HIGH SAND, . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . .	574

POETRY.

SONNET,	514	SAD BOOKS,	514
A DREAM OF HERRICK,	514		

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

SONNET.

Ere baffled Winter, at fair Spring's first
 nod,
 His weakened forces northward home
 hath led,
 While remnant drifts about our path
 are spread,
 The crocus bursts the bondage of the sod;
 And, lo! where late among the snow we
 trod,
 The blossom sunward lifts its dainty
 head,
 White, purple, gold, along the garden
 bed,
 To catch the first warm glances of its god.

Thus, in some gloomy season of the heart,
 When sorrow all our joy hath over-
 spread,
 And ev'ry voice seems but to make us
 sad,
 New hopes arise ere pain can all depart:
 We fling aside the discontent and dread,
 And go our way with faces bright and
 glad.

Chambers's Journal. MORTIMER MANSELL.

A DREAM OF HERRICK.

[SCENE.—*The Vicarage Garden at Dean Prior.*]

Lo! in my dream I saw a shady lawn,
 Whereon I lay at sweet-tongued Her-
 rick's feet;
 A group of maidens, glorious as the dawn,
 Plenished a snow-white board with
 dainties sweet.

Over the ivied wall I spied Tap's head,
 Who sold his mother's spectacles for
 beer;
 Irreverent Gryll, who ne'er a grace hath
 said,
 And Bunce, who owes the poet still,
 stood near.

These all agape surveyed the table spread
 With country dishes,—cresses from the
 stream
 Flanked by rich piles of berries black and
 red,
 And silver junket crowned with golden
 cream.

The rustic banquet o'er, fair Julia ran
 Within the house the poet's lute to
 bring;

The maidens sitting round us sewed and
 span,
 And in their queenly manner bade us
 sing.

I took the lute from Julia's shapely hand,
 And sang of her whose plighting-ring I
 wore,
 My Phyllis—fairest maid in all the land!
 Inspired, I sang as ne'er I sang before.

Then Herrick followed; and with easy
 grace
 He sang of Julia's breath, Anthea's
 charms,
 Of Dianeme's form, Electra's face,
 And all the gracious curves of Silvia's
 arms.

Willing I was to own the master-voice,
 Unwilling that my love should share my
 fall,
 When Herrick's whisper made my heart
 rejoice,—
 "Thy Phyllis doth, I own, excel them
 all!"

Temple Bar.

T. BRUCE DILKS.

SAD BOOKS.

Not many books reveal the pathos deep
 That wrings unwilling tears from unused
 eyes,
 When secret, subtle power in ambush lies
 And bids the careless reader pause and
 weep,
 Awakening griefs at rest and woes asleep
 That sudden start up shuddering phan-
 tom-wise,
 And Fancy moved to ruthless memory
 cries,
 And silenced sorrows new complaining
 keep.
 But oh! what pathos breathes from stories
 read
 In hushed sick-rooms a weary hour to
 speed,
 To speed an hour—and so few hours
 remain!
 When tired eyes faintly smile, forgetting
 pain,
 And one with riven heart must read and
 read
 Though short the time and so much left
 unsaid.

Academy.

DORA CAVE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
HOW TO READ.

"Few men learn the highest use of books."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

After all, what is reading but an attempt to understand another mind? If so, to discuss How to Read is to discuss how best we may enter into the spirit and thoughts of another.

In real life, when we really wish to strengthen our relationship with an acquaintance or a friend, we usually take great pains in the process. We are not satisfied with a few jerky sentences shouted at the top of our voices over an ice at an afternoon tea. Inanities between entrées at a dinner only exasperate us. We think three dances with two extras at a ball all too little. A tête-à-tête on the staircase only makes us have another in the corridor (I speak as a man). We call on rainy days, when the probability is that no one else will be there, and we persuade what people call the "object of our attentions" to come into a corner and sit opposite the window. We all know with what persistence this little game of chance—and skill—is played. Well, why not the same with a book? Bacon likens good books to "true friends, that will neither flatter nor dissemble." "Books," says Milton, "are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial that purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them." If so, a good book is not a thing to be judged of by a cursory glance. It often takes a long time and much insight to understand and enter into the character of another. It is the same with many a book. Into a good book a great man puts the best part of his mind; it may need not a little trouble on the part of a smaller mind to become acquainted with it.

But suppose we first ask, quite simply and candidly, What is the object of our reading?—to answer which simple-looking question would perhaps to some people be a puzzle indeed. Reading, to some people, is a mere pass-time, a

mere kill-time, we might call it. I was travelling not long ago with a portly matron, the mother of great grown-up sons and daughters, and in a fair way towards being a grandmother, who told me quite artlessly that what she loved above all things was reading love-stories. Well, at her age perhaps that was, after all, not so unhealthy a taste. It showed, at all events, that she had settled her creed; had formed her ideas, or was content to lack ideas, about the constitution of the world and its relation to its Maker; was untroubled by misgivings as to whether she had gained correct, or gained any, estimates of science or philosophy, of history or art; she had done her work in the world, and was now resting from her labors and reading stories. And I see no valid reason why she should not. She had no need to develop the intellect or to expand the emotions. At her age experience was ripe and the mind matured, and the store of information she had laid up was doubtless sufficient for all the purposes of her life. But for youth and health and strength, for young men and maidens to do this, that surely is a different matter. Youth should read—What for? Surely to settle a creed, or at least to discover grounds for believing few things credible; to form ideas, or to give reasons for lacking them, about the constitution of the world and its relation to its Maker; to gain estimates of philosophy and science, history and art; to learn something of man, of nature, and of human life; to obtain relief from care or recreation from toil; to quicken our perceptions of beauty; to make keen our conceptions of truth; to give clarity to thought, and learn expression for emotion; to plumb the depths of friendship and take the altitude of love; to study character as depicted by those who could read it; to watch how great lives have wrestled with problems of life; to set us standards and samples of nobility; to "cheer us with books of rich and believing men;" to seek solution for those doubts which come when intellects of different calibre and conviction clash; to find

assuagement for the pangs which pierce sundered hearts; to "maintain around us the 'infinite illusion' which makes action easier;" to "stir in us the primal sources of feeling which keep human nature sweet;" to "familiarize ourselves with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence." It is this sort of reading, I take it, which alone deserves discussion.

Reading, it is safe to say, is a lost art. And what has killed it is the spread of reading. This is not a paradox, it is simple truth. Mr. Joseph Ackland, in the *Nineteenth Century*, assures us, and proves by tabulated statistics, that during the last quarter of a century "the force of the intellectual wave seems to have been almost exhausted," and "the general drift [is] away from solid, and in the direction of more scrappy and discursive, literature"—the literature of "Tit-Bits," "Pick-Me-Up" and Somebody's "Society News."¹ It is the spread of such reading as this that has killed reading in the true sense of the word. Mr. Ackland's sarcasms, indeed, are pointed chiefly at what some regard as the failure of the Elementary Education Act. But surely it is hardly to be expected that those whom that act was passed to reach would, so soon as they were taught to read, read Milton, Ruskin, or Sir Thomas Browne. Being taught to read, quite naturally they want something after their own kind to read, and "Tit-Bits," "Pick-Me-Up," and Somebody's "Society News" arise to supply the want. It is vain to suppose that because the masses have gone to school they will at once read the "Areopagitica," "Ethics of the Dust," or the "Quincunxial Lozenge." In time they may; but at present they read only the penny dreadful and the shilling shocker. But Mr. Ackland's lament refers very truthfully to more than the masses. This habit of discursive and indiscriminate reading is widespread. Very tempting books, too, are daily manufactured to order (like bollers and boots) for the appeasing (and for the further

stimulating) of this appetite, with the result that there spring up six-shilling shockers and thirty-one-and-sixpenny dreadfuls, certainly far above the level of "Tit-Bits," "Pick-Me-Up," and Somebody's "Society News," but as certainly far below that of Milton, Ruskin, or Sir Thomas Browne. Seventy years ago Hazlitt complained of the "rage manifested by the greater part of the world for reading new books;" and thirty years ago "we cannot read, . . . we have despised literature," averred Mr. Ruskin. So it is no new thing this avidity for novelty. But I doubt whether it was worth a whole denunciatory essay by Hazlitt, or two diatribic lectures by Ruskin. For myself, I should be inclined to say of the confirmed novel-reader as was said of Ephraim, he is joined to idols, let him alone. For it will be found, as a rule, that those who read nothing but new books rarely know a good book from a bad one. Carlyle was fond of dividing books as, in the New Testament, is divided humanity, into sheep and goats. Well, the reader addicted to fiction is not likely to recognize even this broad distinction, and perhaps, when a slave to his habit, will even prefer goat to sheep. Another characteristic of the devourer of the ephemeral novel is that he or she rarely remembers anything but the shadowy impression left by such perusal; so much so, that one might not unhandsomely compare the effect upon the mind of such vapid reading to the shadows cast upon the earth by passing clouds, which only obscure the vivifying sunlight of a truly good and great author. Nothing is more certain than that you cannot have sunlight and a sky full of clouds at one and the same time. A long course of minor authors creates a distaste for a great one. The effect of a great author on a mind unobscured it is indeed a pleasure to see. Some months ago I lent to a young lady my five volumes of Jowett's translation of Plato. —it was her first introduction to Plato. To-day I received from her a note, and in it this is what she says—I hope she will pardon my quoting her

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, vol. xxxv. pp. 412-423. March, 1894.

if this she should ever chance to see: "How much I enjoyed the study of Plato! There is something so elevating; he opens up such astounding fields of thoughts, that one cannot help feeling how impossible it would be to read him and not feel the mind expanding, the nature deepening, and the aspirations becoming higher." That was the effect upon her of this sun of literature. And she was all unaware that she was merely indorsing Emerson. "Plato," says Emerson:—

Plato, in whom you may read all that in thought modern Europe has realized, and has yet to realize; even Romanism and Calvinism are there; nothing escapes him; all the suggestions of modern humanity, political economy—all are there. If you wish to see both sides; to find justice done to the man of the world, and to the sentiments of truth and religion, read Plato. Why should not young men be educated on this book? It would suffice for the tuition of the race; they need no other book to educate their understanding, or to express their reason; and these are only a part of his merits. There are pictures of the best persons, sentiments, and manners by the first master, in the first times of the world.

Nevertheless, in this Noachian deluge of mediocre literature that to-day covers Europe and America, when our neighbors, and even our pet friends, are talking of the dialogues, not of Plato, but of Dolly, it requires, I grant, some little courage to be able to say, No; I have not read "Those Infernal Triplets," or "The Black Chrysanthemum." Yet we may be quite sure that if once the taste has been educated up to appreciating Plato, "Those Infernal Triplets," or "The Black Chrysanthemum," may be read with impunity—nay, with profit perhaps, for they will not fascinate, much less enthrall. Besides, perhaps the best feature of such taste is that then worse things than frivolous and sophistical novels will have no power to allure. English women "with a purpose" may imitate the outspokenness of Roman satirists of the first century, and Frenchmen with no purpose may imitate the

unidealistic details of Greek romancers of the second; but neither will wholly divert us from the best that has been thought and written. But it is only when the taste has thus been truly formed that we can safely follow the advice of Plato's panegyrist, to "read that which we love, and not waste our memory over a crowd of mediocrities," otherwise we shall love the mediocrities and, like Noah's unbelieving audience, find ourselves hopelessly floundering in the flood.

However, the question, What to read?

I do not intend to ask or to attempt to answer here. We may, if we like, follow Sir John Lubbock in his hundred books, or we may follow Comte, or we may follow his disciple, Mr. Frederic Harrison, or any one of the cloud of witnesses that the *Pall Mall Gazette* generated some years ago. But if we are wise, perhaps we shall follow our own inclinations. And in so doing we shall be following no less an authority than Dr. Samuel Johnson. "A man ought to read," said Johnson, "just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good." A remarkable utterance that, when we remember that it was made by the author of the *English Dictionary* and the "Lives of the Poets," works that perhaps more than any other two in English literature necessitated reading "as a task." But if we are to look to inclination as a safe guide, inclination should previously be educated up to the highest point attainable by each of us by a thorough course of classical authors; only then can we follow our inclinations unfettered, because only then can we rely upon the purity of our taste in literature. Culture, said Matthew Arnold, is acquaintance with the best that has been thought and written; to which perhaps might be added, composed, painted, and built. Well, the cultured reader will be the reader acquainted with the best that has been written. One could hardly apply the adjective, even in its narrowest signification, to him, however omnivorous, whose literary horizon was bounded by the evening paper at one pole and the

ephemeral novel at the other. The cultured reader will be conversant with, at all events, some of the best books, and will use these as standards by which to weigh all others. And fortunately, with but few exceptions, the best books are written in the best style. No one ever said nothing well. A statue cannot be carved out of air. Fortunately, too, the cultured reader will find food for thought even in the evening paper and the ephemeral novel; but he does so because he draws nutriment from deeper things than these. No doubt in the modern drawing-room the reader devoted to modern literature can be very brilliant indeed. The gaudy orchid may live on air. But from it we do not expect, and we do not get, fruit.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his essay of the same title with this little paper, insists as wisely as vigorously on the necessity of knowing what not to read, even in the realms of literature proper. But that surely is a question each must answer for himself. Generally speaking, however, and apart from all questions of individual taste, a simple rule might be, Avoid what you cannot assimilate. Since the object of all reading is, or should be, mental acquisition and mental development, to adapt a natural law to the intellectual world, that reading should be eschewed which we are unable to convert into a portion of our own mental fibre. But this is a question for the individual. A Mr. Davenport Adams would make excellent use of a volume of "Book Prices Current," which to the majority of us would be drier than a Hebrew grammar and equally unintelligible. To a bibliophile, I suppose, an *incunabulum* is a thing not only of beauty but of profit, be its contents what they may. What mind shall determine what another mind shall or shall not read?

Those who recommend books to others—always a difficult, sometimes a thankless, proceeding—remind one of those dietetic fanatics who persist in forcing some one certain and circumscribed form of food or cookery on all

and every sort of constitution: vegetables, eggs, and milk; a chop and port wine for breakfast; gruel; raw steaks; and what not. The philobiblical physician has always his favorite prescription. Conscientious Dr. Doddridge, in a long letter "to a young lady preparing for a voyage to the Indies," gravely recommended the following: Dr. Watts's "Sermons," his "Discourses on the Love of God," his "Hymns," his "Psalms," and "Lyric Poems," Dr. Evans's "Christian Temper" in two volumes, and his "Sermons to Young People," Stennett's "Reasonableness of Early Piety," and Dr. Wright's "Treatise on Regeneration, and of the Deceitfulness of Sin." "I see not well," he tells her, "how any of these can be spared."¹

When we fall into the hands of the divines, we are apt to get some pretty stiff reading recommended us. John Wesley, in writing to his niece "Sally," when "a young lady about twenty," advised her to take up the following course of reading: the Bible for two or three hours in the morning, and one or two in the afternoon; Kingswood's English Grammar; Bishop Louth's Introduction [to English Grammar]; Dilworth's Arithmetic; Randal's or Guthrie's Geographical Grammar; Watts's Logic; "The Survey of the Wisdom of God in Creation;" the Glasgow abridgment of Mr. Hutchinson's works; Rollin's "Ancient History;" "The Concise History of the Church;" Burnet's "History of the Reformation;" "The Concise History of England;" Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion;" Neal's "History of the Puritans;" the same author's "History of New England;" Robertson's "History of America;" Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" [*sic*]; Malebranche's "Search after Truth;" Spenser's "Fairy Queen" [*sic*]; select parts of Shakespeare, Fairfax, or [!] Hoole; Godfrey of Bouillon; "Paradise Lost;" the "Night Thoughts," and Young's "Moral and Sacred Poems;" Bishop Pearson on the Creed; and the Christian Library. "By this course of study," he tells her, "you may

¹ Miscellaneous Works, pp. 1193, 1194.

gain all the knowledge which any reasonable Christian needs." That, I think, is a list which would frighten even the "New Woman." What, in Wesley's opinion, an unreasonable Christian might need, it is painful to try to imagine.

There are readers and readers, and there are as many classes of readers as there are classes of minds. A literary man may perhaps choose for another literary man; though, to judge from the diversity of literary opinion which Sir John Lubbock's chosen best hundred books provoked, even this seems dubious. Mr. Balfour points out a capital defect in these choices in that they take into account only or chiefly what he refers to as "the pleasures of the imagination;" and he goes on to plead for books that may be read simply to satisfy a very legitimate thirst for knowledge. "Is there not also," he asks, "the literature which satisfies the curiosity?" If these hundred books are for everybody, their choosers seem to take it for granted that everybody should be conversant with literary or æsthetic productions, and yet need not necessarily be conversant with scientific or historical productions. And yet the liberally educated gentleman of to-day is expected to know something of many fields of thought widely separated from literature proper—with political economy, for example, with the natural sciences, and with the outlines of the histories of many nations. If all these are to be individual additions to the universal list, the list appropriate to each individual will be a long one indeed.

To one definite caution, however, Mr. Harrison does point when he says that "amidst the multiplicity of books and of writers" we are "in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid." We are indeed; and perhaps the only prophylactic is to acquire, as early in life as possible, the habit of solid reading. But this, like every other habit, is learned, as Aristotle long ago showed, only by

¹ *Life and Times of John Wesley.* By Rev. L. Tyerman, vol. iii., p. 359.

learning it. Another help in finding out what not to read would perhaps be to follow the advice of that Friend in Council who recommended that "every man and every woman who could read at all should adopt some definite purpose in their reading." Yet even this I would not indorse too implicitly. True, to read simply for reading's sake, rarely keeps the mind sufficiently alert. The man who waits for any game that may turn up is not likely to take home so good a bag as the keener sportsman. Yet I should be sorry if I were not permitted sometimes to roam the literary woods for pure enjoyment, and without any intention of bagging anything at all. Not a little most delightful instruction may surely so be gained. One can, for example, not only amuse but inform oneself in one's reading by examining how far the author reveals himself in his work—or by noticing peculiarities of phraseology or style—by learning from him the manners and modes of expression of his country and time—or even by observing methods of punctuation, none of which, perhaps, is quite worthy of being called "a definite object," yet each of which is valuable in its way.

As a rule, that book will do us the most good that requires of us the most thought. "Every book we read," says James Russell Lowell, "may be made a round in the ever-lengthening ladder by which we climb to knowledge and to that temperance and serenity of mind which, as it is the ripest fruit of wisdom, is also the sweetest. But this can only be if we read such books as make us think." And "for my own part," in the same strain says one of the Guessers at Truth, "I have ever gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which made me think the most." Which stands to reason. If the mind is made a mere siphon through which, or a mere flume over which, water flows, nothing is gained. Make the mind a mill, and power is developed, commodities are manufactured. But such mental machinery is not constructed in a week or a month. Locke devotes a section of his "Conduct of the Understanding" to the sub-

ject of reading, and in it makes some pregnant remarks pertinent to the futility of thoughtless perusal.

Reading [he says] furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. . . . The mind is backward in itself to be at the pains to trace every argument to its original, and to see upon what basis it stands, and how firmly; but yet it is this that gives so much the advantage to one man more than another in reading. The mind should by severe rules be tied down to this, at first, uneasy task; use and exercise will give it facility. . . . Those who have got this faculty, one may say, have got the true key of books, and the clue to lead them through the mizmaze of variety of opinions and authors to truth and certainty. . . . This way of thinking on and profiting by, what we read, will be a clog and rub to any one only in the beginning: when custom and exercise has made it familiar, it will be dispatched, on most occasions, without resting or interruption in the course of our reading. . . . Besides that, when the first difficulties are over, the delight and sensible advantage it brings, mightily encourages and enlivens the mind in reading.

Emerson's rules for reading should be known by all: "First, never read any book that is not a year old. Second, never any but famed books. Thrd, never any but what you like." Here again is a great man taking it for granted that what we like is sure to be not only famous but old,—rather an unwarrantable assumption in these days when most people like only the newest and the most infamous, and who would not dream of not having read, say, "King Solomon's Mines," when everybody else was reading "The People of the Mist," or "The Stickit Minister," when everybody was devouring "The Lilac Sun-Bonnet," or "Peter Ibbetson," when all the world was all agog on "Trilby." Emerson very evidently lets such people alone. But his rules are sensible indeed. They will at all events rescue us from that most pernicious vice of trying to read too much,—a deadly habit, the ultimate outcome of which is an inability really to read anything at all. Better, perhaps, adapting Shelley (which may con-

done the language), be damned with Hobbes and Kant and Schopenhauer and Sir James Stephen than go to heaven with your polymath. "If I had read as much as other men," said Hobbes, "I should doubtless have shared their ignorance;" "Kant," said De Quincey, "never read a book, no book at all, none whatsoever;" "the safest way of having no thoughts of our own," said Schopenhauer, "is to take up a book every moment we have nothing to do;" "to aspire after the fashionable accomplishment of literary omniscience," said Sir James Stephen, "is a pretension as extravagant as pernicious." Nevertheless there have been minds capable of aspiring to this bad eminence without degradation. Napoleon pored over the most recent novels in his travelling-carriage while moving from camp to camp. Byron avers that he had read some four thousand novels by the time he was nineteen. Macaulay seems to have devoured nearly everything that issued from the press of his time. Well, when we can win Austerlitzes and Jenas, or compose "Childe Harolds," or write histories of England for twenty-thousand-pound cheques, we too may read light novels with a clear conscience.

It is hardly necessary to insist upon the absolute necessity of reading some books, or at least some portions of some books, absolutely accurately and minutely, weighing carefully every word and syllable and letter. This we all had to do in youth; happy are we if we had to do it thoroughly. Mr. Ruskin puts tremendous stress upon this.

When you come to a good book [he asserts] you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?"

And he goes on:—

You must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. . . . You might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an

utter "illiterate," uneducated person; but . . . if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you are forevermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy.

He is right here, fanciful as Mr. Ruskin sometimes is. Even if Homer sometimes nods, to slur over the *literæ scriptæ* of a really great writer which *manent* is positive sin. The really great writer's every syllable is deserving of study. That would be a bold critic who undertook to improve the wording in the best passages of a Homer, a Virgil, a Milton, a Macaulay, a South, or even a Stevenson, peace to his manes.

And when we are in this manner reading a great book by a great man, let us not be afraid of using a dictionary. A dictionary? A dozen; at all events until Dr. Murray's huge undertaking is finished. And even then; for no one dictionary will help us through some authors—say Chaucer, or Spenser, or Sir Thomas Browne. Let us use our Greek lexicon, and Latin dictionary, and French dictionary, and Anglo-Saxon dictionary, and etymological dictionary, and dictionaries of antiquity and biography and geography, and concordances—anything and everything that will throw light on the meanings and histories of words.

Neither need we discuss the importance of reading all round a good book, as it were, of gaining some estimate of the character and temper of its author, of understanding something of the age in which he lived and of his relation to that age. "Latter-Day Pamphlets" would be largely an incomprehensible book if we knew nothing either of what some one has called that *annus mirabilis*, 1848, and of the years that preceded it, or of the moral and political idiosyncrasies of the Chelsea Sage. To read anything by Rousseau or Diderot or Voltaire without referring it to its proper place in those quickly shifting scenes of the French Revolutionary epoch, would be to miss its true

place in literature. Rousseau's political and economical diatribes, Diderot's social and scientific propagandism, Voltaire's anti-clerical jests and gibes,—these lose their relative values and their interest if we miss the circumstances under which they were uttered. How much more interesting, too, becomes Milton's "Comus" if we remember the hubbub of dramatic criticism that preceded it: Prynne's furious "Histriomastix," with its wholesale flagellation of plays, players, and playing, in which some thought that even the queen was grossly libelled; the elaborate retort of the Inns of Court by the gorgeous masque acted before the royal family and court; the Star Chamber trial; and Prynne's severe sentence. "The fitting answer to Prynne's railing," says Mr. Gardiner, "was to embody pure thoughts and noble teaching in a dramatic form. No living Englishman was so capable of giving him such a refutation as the singer of the 'Allegro' and the 'Penseroso.'" The "fitting answer" was "Comus." To read "Comus" without any knowledge of this, its motive and origin, is to miss the very kernel of its purport. "The beautiful soul makes beautiful the outward form; the base act debases the soul of him who commits it. This was Milton's highest message to the world. This was the witness of Puritanism at its best."²

To speak of the reading of "Comus" is to recall the fact that the reading of poetry is, or should be, a very different thing from the reading of prose. Prose *qua* prose, conveys fact or propounds theory, though there is abundance of prose that does much more than this—Plato's, for example, and De Quincey's, and Carlyle's, and Mr. Ruskin's—the full list would be a long one indeed; but poetry—what does not poetry do? It stirs the emotions and stimulates the imagination; it reveals to the inner and spiritual man the secret springs of beauty, and opens up a world of dreams more real than the

¹ The Personal Government of Charles I., vol. ii., p. 42.

² *Op. cit.*, vol. ii., p. 44.

world of reality; it conveys dim hints at once of the infinity and the divinity of mystery; it endows him who reads with a sort of sacred second-sight by which he "sees into the life of things;" it gives glimpses of God's universe such as it must have been when God himself "saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good." "What," asks Shelley, "were virtue, love, patriotism, friendship,—what were the scenery of this beautiful universe which we inhabit; what were our consolations on this side of the grave—and what were our aspirations beyond it, if poetry did not ascend to bring light and fire from those eternal regions where the owl-winged faculty of calculation dare not ever soar?" Whom has not poetry rescued from his "own spirit's hurtling harms"? Who has not been soothed by Wordsworth, stirred by Tennyson, carried into the empyrean on Shelley's plumes? The world, if we only knew it, is instinct with a beautiful and divine mystery; it is the artist alone who reveals it.

Poetry is a form of art, and to attempt in a paragraph to lay down rules for the reading of poetry would be as futile as to attempt as briefly to elucidate the pleasures and profits of music or painting, and how best they might be gained. Intelligently to read poetry one must be something of a poet, as certainly to enjoy music or painting one must have an ear or an eye for sound or color. And this demands, first, a talent; second, study. "If you sit down to read poetry," says Mr. Ruskin, "with merely the wish to be amused, without a willingness to take some pains to work out the secret meanings, without a desire to sympathize with, and yield to, the prevailing spirit of the writer, you had better keep to prose; for no poetry is worth reading which is not worth learning by heart."¹

It would be hugely interesting could we really know how some great readers really read. What many of them read we know, and the results of their reading we know; but exactly how they

¹ Letters Addressed to a College Friend during the Years 1840-1845, pp. 88, 89.

scanned the printed page few of them have told us. There is, however, one great man still living who, in numberless passages scattered through his many works, has given us an insight into the very manner and method he himself has read some books, and this is Mr. John Ruskin. Every one will recall his searching analysis of those lines in Milton's "Lycidas," which he gave as samples of how to read, in his lectures with the name of "Sesame and Lilies," commencing:—

Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;

the immense meaning he sees in those three words, "creep," and "intrude," and "climb;" the remarkable exposition and catachrestical collocation "blind mouths;" the far-reaching significance he detects in the line:—

But swoln with wind, and the rank mist
they draw.

There is one sample of Mr. Ruskin's way of reading that, despite its length, is worth giving entire. It is his analysis of the language which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Henry V. when addressing the ambassadors of France after their presentation to him of the tennis-balls from Louis, son of Charles V. Mr. Ruskin is speaking of "style," and says:—

I can show you the main tests of style in the space of a couple of pages.

I take two examples of absolutely perfect, and in manner highest, *i.e.*, kingly, and heroic, style: the first example in expression of anger, the second of love.

(1)

We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us,
His present, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.

(2)

My gracious Silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laughed, had I come coffin'd
home
That weep'st do see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear
And mothers that lack sons.

Let us note, point by point, the condi-

tions of greatness common to both these passages, so opposite in temper.

A. Absolute command over all passion, however intense; this the first-of-first conditions (see the king's own sentence just before.

We are no tyrant, but a Christian king.
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons;

and with this self-command, the supremely surveying grasp of every thought that is to be uttered, before its utterance; so that each may come in its exact place, time, and connection. The slightest hurry, the misplacing of a word, or the unnecessary accent on a syllable, would destroy the "style" in an instant.

B. Choice of the fewest and simplest words that can be found in the compass of the language, to express the thing meant; these few words being also arranged in the most straightforward and intelligible way; allowing inversion only when the subject can be made primary without obscurity: thus, "his present, and your pains, we thank you for" is better than "we thank you for his present and your pains," because the dauphin's gift is by courtesy put before the ambassador's pains; but "when to these balls our rackets we have matched" would have spoiled the style in a moment, because—I was going to have said, ball and racket are of equal rank, and therefore only the natural order proper; but also here the natural order is the desired one, the English racket to have precedence of the French ball. In the fourth line the "in France" comes first, as announcing the most important resolution of action; the "by God's grace" next, as the only condition rendering resolution possible; the detail of issue follows with the strictest limit in the final word. The king does not say "danger," far less "dishonor," but "hazard" only; of *that* he is, humanly speaking, sure.¹

C. Perfectly emphatic and clear utterance of the chosen words; slowly in the degree of their importance, with omission however of every word not absolutely

required; and natural use of the familiar contractions of final dissyllable. Thus, "play a set shall strike" is better than "play a set *that* shall strike," and "match'd" is kingly short—no necessity could have excused "matched" instead. On the contrary, the three first words, "We are glad," would have been spoken by the king more slowly and fully than any other syllables in the whole passage, first pronouncing the kingly "we" at its proudest, and then the "are" as a continuous state, and then the "glad," as the exact contrary of what the ambassadors expected him to be.

D. Absolute spontaneity in doing all this, easily and necessarily as the heart beats. The king *cannot* speak otherwise than he does—nor the hero. The words not merely come to them, but are compelled to them. Even lisping numbers "come," but mighty numbers are ordained, and inspired.

E. Melody in the words, changeable with their passion fitted to it exactly and the utmost of which the language is capable—the melody in prose being Eolian and variable—in verse, nobler by submitting itself to stricter law. I will enlarge upon this point presently.

F. Utmost spiritual contents in the words; so that each carries not only its instant meaning, but a cloudy companionship of higher or darker meaning according to the passion—nearly always indicated by metaphor: "play a set"—sometimes by abstraction—(thus, in the second passage "Silence" for silent one) sometimes by description instead of direct epithet ("coffin'd" for dead), but always indicative of there being more in the speaker's mind than he has said, or than he can say, full though his saying be. On the quantity of this attendant fulness depends the majesty of style; that is to say, virtually, on the quantity of contained thought in briefest words, such thought being primarily loving and true; and this the sum of all—that nothing can be well said, but with truth, nor beautifully, but by love.²

Or as an example of an analysis of the purely technical elements of a prose passage, take the following from Robert Louis Stevenson. He is examining the alliteration in that well-known sentence of the "Areopagitica":—

¹ I do not know whether it is possible that Mr. Ruskin can have missed the point in the use of the technical term "hazard." It is evident from the words "rackets," "set," "strike," and "hazard," that Shakespeare is keeping the game of tennis strictly in mind, and is speaking tropically. To use "danger" or "dishonor" would have spoiled the metaphor; so that we need not go so far afield to explain their disuse.

² *Nineteenth Century*, vol. viii., pp. 401-403. September, 1880.

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for not without heat and dust.

And he says:—

Down to "virtue," the current S and R are both announced and repeated unobtrusively, and by way of a grace-note that almost inseparable group PVF is given entire. The next phrase is a period of repose almost ugly in itself, both S and R still audible and B given as the last fulfilment of PVF. In the next four phrases, from "that never" down to "run for," the mask is thrown off, and but for a slight repetition of the V and F, the whole matter turns, almost too obtrusively, on S and R: first S coming to the front, and then R. In the concluding phrase all these favorite letters, and even the flat A, a timid preference for which is just perceptible, are discarded at a blow and in a bundle; and to make the break more obvious, every word ends with a dental, and all but one with T, for which we have been cautiously prepared since the beginning. The singular dignity of the first clause, and this hammer-stroke of the last, go far to make the charm of this exquisite sentence. But it is fair to own that S and R are used a little coarsely.¹

Not many of us read thus. If we did, perhaps there would be fewer books to read, and those better worth the reading; for few authors, I take it, could stand a scrutiny of that sort. And yet, in reality, every author ought to be able to stand such scrutiny; ought to write as if he expected to be subjected to such.

Coleridge, too, in his "Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare," has given us numerous examples of how he read; but these are to almost everybody so well known that I need not dilate on them here. Lest peradventure, however, there be even five among my readers to whom they are not known, the others will pardon one more long quotation, especially since it contains one of the best samples of how one great poet read another—and, as Thoreau

asserts, it is only by a great poet that a great poet can be read. Coleridge is speaking of the opening lines of "Hamlet," and he says:—

Compare the easy language of common life, in which this drama commences, with the direful music and wild wayward rhythms and abrupt lyrics of the opening of "Macbeth." The tone is quite familiar; there is no poetic description of night, no elaborate information conveyed by one speaker to another of what both had immediately before their senses (such as the first distich in Addison's "Cato," which is a translation into poetry of "Past four o'clock and a dark morning!"); and yet nothing bordering on the comic on one hand, nor any striving of the intellect on the other. It is precisely the language of sensation among men who feared no charge of effeminacy, for feeling what they had no want of resolution to bear. Yet the armor, the dead silence, the watchfulness that first interrupts it, the welcome relief of the guard, the cold, the broken expressions of compelled attention to bodily feelings still under control—all excellently accord with, and prepare for, the after gradual rise into tragedy; but, above all, into a tragedy, the interest of which is as eminently *ad et apud intra*, as that of "Macbeth" is directly *ad extra*.

In all the best attested stories of ghosts and visions, as in that of Brutus, of Archbishop Cranmer, that of Benvenuto Cellini recorded by himself, and the vision of Galileo communicated by him to his favorite pupil Torricelli, the ghost-seers were in a state of cold or chilling damp from without, and of anxiety within. It has been with all of them as with Francisco on his guard,—alone, in the depth and silence of the night; "'twas bitter cold, and they were sick at heart, and not a mouse stirring." The attention to minutessounds—naturally associated with the recollection of minute objects, and the more familiar and trifling, the more impressive from the unusualness of their producing any impression at all—gives a philosophic pertinency to this last image; but it has likewise its dramatic use and purpose. For its commonness in ordinary conversation tends to produce the sense of reality, and at once hides the poet, and yet approximates the reader or spectator to that state in which the highest poetry will appear, and in its component parts, though not in the whole composition, really is the language of

¹ *Contemporary Review*, vol. xlvii., p. 558. April, 1885.

nature. If I should not speak it, I feel that I should be thinking it; the voice only is the poet's,—the words are my own. That Shakespeare meant to put an effect in the actor's power in the very first words—"Who's there?"—is evident from the impatience expressed by the startled Francisco in the words that follow—"Nay, answer me: stand and unfold yourself!" A brave man is never so peremptory as when he feels that he is afraid. Observe the gradual transition from the silence and the still recent habit of listening in Francisco's—"I think I hear them"—to the more cheerful call out, which a good actor would observe, in the—"Stand ho! Who is there?" Bernardo's inquiry after Horatio, and the repetition and in his own presence, indicate a respect or an eagerness that implies him as one of the persons who are in the foreground; and the scepticism attributed to him:—

Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy;

And will not let belief take hold of him—

prepares us for Hamlet's after-eulogy on him as one whose blood and judgment were happily commingled. The actor should also be careful to distinguish the expectation and gladness of Bernardo's "Welcome, Horatio!" from the mere courtesy of his "Welcome, good Marcellus!"¹

But after all is said and done, the one and only secret of successful reading lies contained in one simple sentence, Make what you read your own. Not until what we read has become a part of our mental equipment, until it has been literally assimilated by the mind, made an integral and indivisible portion of our sum of knowledge and wisdom, is what we read of any practicable avail. But this assimilation can only be accomplished by constant and careful thought; the mind, like the muscles, grows only by exercise, and does more efficiently only that which it does often. I have in my mind's eye two old people, the best I ever knew, the best I ever hope to know. No one would perhaps actually call them "readers." They never see even the outside of a novel. I have indeed heard them quote "Lothair," and I think "Pickwick"—

which to me is evidence of the tremendous rage there must once have been for these two works of fiction. Once and again, too, a line from Shakespeare may fall from their lips. But, on the whole, they are not what the world calls "readers." Probably they could not distinguish the "Thanatopsis" from the "Thanatophidia;" if one mentioned "Dodo" in their presence their minds would in all likelihood revert to palæontological ornithology; if one spoke of "The Heavenly Twins," they would correct him and politely ask if it was not "The Hebrew Twins" that was meant, a recent work which, I believe, deals with Jacob and Esau. Yet these two dear old people read as few people read. They read chiefly but one book, and this is the Bible; but they have made that book their own as not even, I venture to say, has Mr. Gladstone made Homer his own. I think I speak the simple truth when I say they rarely have need to consult a concordance. So extreme a degree of specialism is not suited, of course, to "the general." I merely cite this as an example of the efficacy of following the rule to make one's own that which one reads. And fortunately this rule is elastic, since it permits—nay, necessitates—a choice of what is at once within one's capacities and consonant with one's inclinations.

As to systematic reading, that topic may be left to those who read systematically to discuss, and doubtless those who so read will praise the practice highly. In one's teens, of course, it is necessary, especially if one is going up for examinations. But this is study, not reading. In one's twenties system seems to be largely a matter of temperament. In one's thirties perhaps it is either a habit, or impossible. Besides, it can so easily be overdone. I once heard of a man who began at page 1 of volume I. of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," with the intention of devouring so many pages daily. Whether he succeeded in digesting the whole twenty-five volumes I did not hear. Too much system is like too elaborate fishing-tackle: it is all

¹ Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare and other English Poets. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Now first collected by T. Ashe, B.A., pp. 346-348.

very well for the experienced angler, but it seems useless and an affectation in the amateur. First prove your skill and keenness, then elaborate your means at will. But what, after all, is systematic reading? If, like Mr. Saintsbury, we make a study of Elizabethan literature, or, like Mr. Gosse, of that of the eighteenth century, of course we shall read systematically. But this, again, is research, not reading. I am glad to see dear Charles Lamb on my side in my antipathy to a rigidly methodical system. Bridget Elia, he tells us,

was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls [he goes on] they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

Mr. Ruskin, too, curiously enough recommends precisely the same process:—

If she can have access to a good library of old and classical books [he says] there need be no choosing at all. Keep the modern magazine and novel out of your girl's way, turn her loose into the old library every wet day, and let her alone. She will find what is good for her; you cannot. . . . Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do a fawn in a field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you; and the good ones too, and will eat some bitter and prickly ones, good for it, which you had not the slightest thought *were* good.

However, for a certain sort and a certain amount of system there is this much to be said—namely, that it is an excellent antidote to that insinuating and enervating habit of wholly desultory reading. "Wholly," because, as Lord Iddesleigh has shown us, there is a desultory reading which is very profitable and not one whit pernicious. "Desultory reading," says Lowell, "hebetates the brain," but he inserts as a qualification, "except as a conscious

pass-time." The scholar or the student need fear no cerebral hebetude. Fancy limiting a Macaulay to a system! a Macaulay who read some half-dozen books of the *Iliad* in a country walk, and recited the "Paradise Lost" during a journey! But for him who is neither scholar nor student perhaps some orderly reading is advisable. For him, to combine the two—to keep one set of books for the purpose of reading carefully and well, and another for his more leisure hours—this would seem a rational and a pleasant mode of perusal.

Then again, that assertion of Bacon remains forever true,—"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." But that man, in Dean Alcott's phrase, will "read wisely and well" who will know exactly in which category to place any particular book. No one perhaps would do more than taste the "Arabian Nights" or Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and no one would chew and digest "A Tramp Abroad," or "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court;" Carlyle's "French Revolution" probably most people swallow; but where shall we put "The Lives, Heroic Deeds, and Sayings of Gargantua and Pantagruel," or "The Ring and the Book," or even "The Excursion"? Not few of us, I fear me much, put all these and many others into that fourth class mentioned by Bacon, books, namely, that "may be read by deputy."

Of books to be chewed and digested there should be at least three readings: the first to get a general bird's-eye view of the author's field of thought and the method in which he traverses it; the second to survey carefully all the ground he covers, examining all the nooks and crannies omitted in the first survey; the third to fix in the memory, with the help of transcriptions and tabulated statements if necessary, all his details, and to criticise the conclusions at which he arrives.

To master a book, perhaps the best possible way is to write an essay in refutation of it. One may be bound few things will escape us then. The next best way may, perhaps, be to edit

and annotate it for students, though, if some recent hebdomadal animadversions upon certain Oxford styles of annotation are well founded, this is questionable. The worst way, I should think, would be to review it for a newspaper.

Eschew commentators till you have first read your text; or, better still, be your own commentator. Notes and glossaries are for undergraduates going up for examination. When we have read "Hamlet," we can take up Furness. Different readings and emendations may reveal the skill of the author; but first admire the painting, then look for the marks of the brush. Too many commentators reduce the gem to carbon to prove it diamond. Luckily some gems there are so refractory that no literary assayer can reduce them to ash. Who ever saw an annotated edition of "Epipsychildion"? Let us hope no one ever will, though that of "Adonais" is parlous near to it!

But, after all, how many books there are which seem to scoff at us from their shelves when we solemnly discuss the best methods of reading them. How are we to read the thoughts of Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus's manual, or Amiel's journal, or the maxims of Rochefoucauld, or Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," or the great English essayists, or a dozen others? None of these is a book solely for the study or the hammock or the easy-chair or the pillow; and yet each of them may, according to the mood of the reader, be both profitably and delightfully read in any or all of these places.

But such books as these are not for everybody. The thoughtful book is not for the thoughtless mind. Is a Thomas Carlyle to wrestle five years at lonely Craigenputtock with the problems of life and being that "Sartor Resartus" may be skimmed in five hours? 'Tis not every one can chew, nor every one that can digest, the tough tit-bits of Teufelsdröckh. "As of meats," says Petrarch, "so likewise of books, the use ought to be limited according to the quality of him that useth them." Books there are require a liberal education to

know and love, and which to know and love are themselves, like Stella, a liberal education. To read a book upon a subject of the rudiments of which we are ignorant is simply impossible. To prove the impossibility, let any one unacquainted with anatomy try Professor Huxley on the "Anatomy of the Vertebrates," or one imperfectly read in metaphysics Hegel on the "Phænomenology of the Spirit."

However, to leave the cloudy region of airy generalization and come down to the practical and useful little details of earth, two or three common-sensible rules as to how to read may help us. And first, I would say, Never read a book without pencil in hand. If you dislike disfiguring the margins and fly-leaves of your own books, borrow a friend's; but, by all means use a pencil, if only to jot down the pages to be re-read. Coleridge, as Charles Lamb tells us, annotated nearly every book that came into his hands, his annotations "in *matter* oftentimes, and almost in *quantity* not unfrequently, vying with the originals." Second, the careful transcription of striking, beautiful, or important passages is a tremendous aid to the memory; these will live for years, clear and vivid as day, when the book itself has become spectral and shadowy in the night of oblivion. A manuscript volume of such passages, well indexed, will become in time one of the most valuable books in one's library; it is the essence of many others distilled in one's own alembic, and will be treasured by the literary alchemist as the housewife treasures her own particular pounce or *pot-pourri*. Of this practice we have numerous high examples: Demosthenes, so it is said, copied out the "History" of Thucydides eight several times; Southey's "Commonplace Book" extends to six volumes. But many books there are deserve more than mere transcription. Archbishop Whately recommends "writing an analysis, table of contents, index, or notes." One man I know keeps a separate little note-book for each work he reads. Third, do not read merely for reading's sake, and thus be classified with those

persons whom Mr. Balfour calls "unfortunate," and who, he says, "apparently read a book principally with the object of getting to the end of it." Such reading, to adopt a favorite simile of Macaulay, bears about the same relation to intelligent and purposive reading as marking time does to marching: both may need exercise; but one is progressive, the other stationary. As a corollary to this, too, it is well to remember that there are multitudes of books unworthy of careful and entire perusal which yet contain much important matter. For these take Mr. Balfour's advice and learn the "accomplishments of skipping and skimming;" learn, in short, how to "eat the heart out of" such books. Fourth, suit the book to the mood of the mind. Why take up the essays of Bacon when the mind is not fit for food stronger than the essays of Elia? And if the mind is bright, active, and alert, why waste its energy over books that require no thought while those that do remain unread? Fifth, remember there are some books that cannot be read too much, others that cannot be read too little. But, above all, one of the best habits to form in order to read successfully and with profit is so to read as that, while the mind is grasping the meaning of the proposition then before the eyes, it is at the same time calling up, rapidly and diligently, as many as possible of the propositions, cognate, similar, or contradictory, which lie embedded in the memory, themselves the result of past research and reading. I can perhaps best compare this process to that pursued by a geologist who, while travelling along a road, is not content with observing what is just at his feet, but forms mental images of the underlying strata with which this superficial soil is connected. And I do not think we shall go very far wrong in saying that he will be the most intelligent reader who is able to recall the greatest number of such underlying strata. One excellent little plan, too, I know of by which to master and impress upon the mind the matter of the printed page, and this is, when the chapter or the

paragraph is finished, to close the book and try, in the simplest possible language, to convey its contents to a mind more ignorant than your own—if possible, to a child's. You will be astonished sometimes to find how very clear your own thought must be in order that you may convey it to another. Lastly, let us ever keep in mind Bacon's most admirable advice: "Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider."†

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

From Temple Bar.

"MACHINA EX—CÆLO."

(A METROPOLITAN EPISODE.)

There was a big fire—to speak correctly, two big fires—in London on the night when "Emergency" Walford went to see his beloved. Walford's baptismal name was Henry, and the *sobriquet* here recalled was one which a few college friends had once suggested in memory of what had once struck their thoughtless minds as a salient phrase in his conversation. Among flimsy and meaningless epithets none perhaps stick closer than an ironically "practical" nickname to a frivolously expansive and therefore presumably *unpractical* individual, whose precious "ideas" as to what he or his friends "could" or "should" do in any given improbable crisis of affairs are apt to appear a trifle too ingenious for an imperfect world.

It was beyond question, however, that Henry Walford and a party or parties unknown had once been inadvertently locked into the billiard-room of a strange and vast country house by a somnolent butler, who long before their discovery of the feat had retired to a bourne beyond the reach of pantry bells, or indeed of any noise not calculated to awaken a household long since lapt in the arms of Morpheus. Under such circumstances, embarrassing at 1.45 A.M., to open various clanking

shutters, get out into the garden, and throw stones at what may or may not be the bedroom windows of highly nervous ladies or irritable elderly gentlemen, with whom you have but a superficial visiting acquaintance, seems to the boldest and the sleepest an inartistic resource. Yet it would probably have been adopted in this case but for Walford, whose absurd fecundity of invention had of course been challenged in the bitterest irony to reveal another and better way of escape.

Yet in less than half an hour this imaginative individual, with no experience of practical burglary, had examined the heavy mahogany door and thrust under it (after pushing back the outside mat with a large paper-knife) a stiff sheet of paper, selected from the mantelpiece two of the metal instruments known as "pipe-cleaners," twisted them into a sort of pincers, and then with indefatigable labor and the assistance of a friend holding the candle at exactly the right level and pouring much wax upon the floor, twisted round the key, thrust it out of the lock, whence it fell inevitably upon the paper, and finally—amid a burst of muffled but enthusiastic applause—drawn under the door the precious implement, and, heated but triumphant, headed the way to bed. Talking of keys, also, a friend, from whom Walford was once parting at some lonely village in the Tyrol, lamented to him that he had got to rise early next morning and had lost his watch-key. "A confounded bore," he added; "my watch has stopped. Could you—"

"Pooh!" said Emergency Walford, "wind it up with the key of your Gladstone bag. Hold it sideways."

The reader is perhaps sceptical of this feat. If so, let him in some half hour of leisure open the inner case of his watch and try it. If the winding-up of a watch were oftener a matter of life and death the experiment would be more popular.

It may be added that Henry Walford in his expansive moments, claimed, with what degree of truth cannot now be determined, to have been the "true

and first inventor" of a number of useful and labor-saving devices, the lucrative evolution of which by other hands aroused in him no cynical jealousy whatever. The houses which he built—for he was himself an architect in small practice—fortunately exhibited no signs of abnormal ingenuity; and the prattle of one long-forgotten evening at college was presumably the remotest of all matters from his well-occupied mind as he sauntered across spacious highways towards the little street in Westminster where dwelt, with her widowed mother, the lady of his love.

As he stood upon a pillared island in the thoroughfare opposite the oldest church in the metropolis, his ear caught the harsh and jarring cry—partly of excitement, partly of warning—which usually heralds the approach of a fire-engine. The phenomenon is not an unfamiliar one to the habitués of London streets; but Walford had for many years, in after-office hours, cherished a passion for dramatic adventure by practising among the few privileged amateurs attached to the Fire Brigade. He was, therefore, not much surprised to recognize the engine men and horses of his own company, and shot an inquiry at the mail-clad Jehu as the latter pulled his pair into a hand canter to avoid colliding with an unwieldy van. "'Amberwell Wharf ware'ouses; well 'light,'" retorted a sailor with half-turned head, holding on to the rail behind. "Yah-h-h!" said the foot passengers from the pavement to left and right, and to the accompaniment of a *sempre diminuendo* roar, the smoking, clanging, glittering chariot tore away to the eastward.

On another occasion Walford would very likely have pursued or hailed a cab, and pelted—uniform or no uniform—to the scene of action; as it was he merely gazed wistfully after the disappearing vehicle with a "no-more-of-that-for-me" sort of look, and held on his course.

The course of true love had run quite smooth for Henry Walford; not that he and his fiancée were meeting to-night

merely for the idle pleasure of the thing. There was a business in hand most serious to the female, and not indifferent to the masculine mind—no less, in short, than the adaptation of the furniture of his own roomy bachelor "diggings" to the more cramped apartments of their new "bijou" family residence in the distant square in Bayswater.

Meeting, as it were, by appointment at the door of the little ivy-covered house in Old College Street, Walford and his fiancée were soon on their way to the very different yet not very remote "neighborhood" of Gloria Road, a large thoroughfare leading directly away into the heart of the wild and unfashionable south-west. As you follow it, walking away from the clock tower, the fifth or sixth turn to the left brings you to the front of a large but not very prosperous-looking edifice hight St. Michael's Mansions, Catchbrook Street, on the seventh floor of which were situate the chambers above mentioned. This cheap and airy altitude Walford naturally spoke of as St. Michael's Mount. Indeed, on foggy nights the pile, if approached in a diagonal direction presented, with the assistance of a "shoulder" supplied by the adjoining factory and warehouse, a distinct resemblance to a well-known peak in the Bernese Oberland.

"Something's gone wrong with the lift," said Walford, "and the man's away. So you'll have to walk up. You won't mind that?"

As a matter of fact, when they reached the door she tripped up lightly before him, and he ran after her, which appeared to cause her to run faster, and so they both reached the fourth floor in a condition so breathless as to be incapable of intelligent conversation. She was a sprightly, active little woman, with jet black hair, now a little dishevelled, and dark eyes, eyes solemnly impressive till she laughed—they were both laughing now—and then disturbing in quite another way to your very vitals.

That being so, there should, strictly speaking, have been a chaperone (who

however could not have been expected to run up six flights of stairs), for in the whole house there were probably not more than two other people—a caretaker and his wife—somewhere downstairs, all the other occupied floors being offices, which were naturally deserted at such an hour. Not that any chaperone could have shown more anxiety for her safety when they had reached the happy top.

"It's a wonderful height up, isn't it? But I wouldn't lean out of that window."

It appeared, however, that he would upon certain simple conditions, and with his arm encircling her small person in the most natural manner imaginable. He drew it closer indeed, as at that very moment another murmur swelled up from the under world. Again a ringing, metallic vibration mingled with the rapid beat of horses' feet, and craning out of the window they both caught sight of a second fire-engine threading its way—the driver half erect over his dancing steeds—along the channel so deep below them, while straggling pedestrians scattered this way or that. Scarcely had he drawn his precious visitor inside again, when there was a louder roar, this time quite a cheer of triumph, as a third driver entered on the scene by a side street from the north, and seeing the roadway clear, spread his team into a racing gallop over a straight bit of easy-going. Walford leant out again just in time to catch the gleam of flying brass and a faint trail of vapor floating upon the evening air.

"They'll be having a night of it," he said half sadly.

Indeed, long before the next sun rose a similar reflection was borne in upon the minds of almost every individual directly employed in the extinction of fires in the metropolis, from the superintendent himself, whirled away from a fashionable dinner in the middle of his favorite Indian anecdote, by the scarlet dogcart of inexorable duty, to the humblest salvage man that with savage glee ever flashed an axe on costly mahogany furniture.

The efficiency of that important body, the "Fire Brigade," had, so said pessimist critics, been impaired by the injudicious changes of a newly constituted local authority. On the other hand, every one seemed to be agreed that there were grave reasons for increasing the number of stations, and that whenever a given number of fires, of a magnitude illustrated by recent examples, should happen to occur upon one and the same night, the date of the coincidence would very possibly be as memorable as the year 1666. Of course such an event was improbable; but its abstract improbability became of little interest at a moment when three distant conflagrations were each occupying thirty or forty engines apiece, and the last pair of horses in the stables of the central office had to be taken from the coal-van to draw the one remaining steamer in the direction of a fourth block of buildings just reported by telephone as "well alight."

Walford's remark, however, indicated rather sympathetic excitement than anxiety, for which there was so far no particular reason, even had there been nothing particular to distract his attention.

"How dreadful!" murmured the Distraction, who was reclining at length in the best lounge-chair after the exertion of so unusual an ascent. "I say, Hal, what capital arms you—I mean your chairs—have!"

"The better to"—his quotation, which caused her to blush, was cut short by a severe fit of coughing. "Ahem! By the way, Nellie, when you're rested, let's go up, and I'll show you the roof."

Inside Walford's small "flat," which shut its own front door upon the public stair and lift-well, there was a private trap-door, accessible by a short ladder, leading on to the level plateau above. Around it ran a shuddersomely low balustrade of masonry, which he would hardly allow her to touch, all the more that he remembered once tempting the Providence lovers are so anxious to conciliate, by dancing on the top of it with a few thoughtless friends after dinner.

They sat down—she close at his side, and not unimpressed by the eerie height—upon some lead-covered erection in the middle. To the east stretched an oblong promontory, the other wing of the "Mansions," separated from the "Mount" on which they sat by the deep gulf of a passage some twenty feet wide.

On all other sides, London stretched away beneath them, north, south, and west, a level dusky forest of gable and chimney, dotted here and there with church spires like giant trees, and cut into innumerable deep "rides"—regular fissures up which the thousand illuminations of street and shop were just beginning to throw their mysterious glow.

But under existing circumstances it was only possible to look in one direction—where over the wharves of Amberwell brooded and blossomed a crimson and golden rose of flame, blood-red at the heart low down, where it showed against a jagged outline of black, and purpling the long banks of cloud overhead.

For five, perhaps ten minutes, they sat and watched the finest spectacle that any great city can afford, and then descended to the sitting-room for the transaction of the business in hand. To this they betook themselves, when he had lighted the lamp, with a delightful air of seriousness, sitting each on one side of the substantial table in the middle of the room, she with a pencil in hand and piece of paper before her, he drumming on the table in pensive abstraction. The occupation had little of the romantic in it, yet the moments flew quickly.

"That small knee-hole table would go nicely into the bay-window of the drawing-room," said she.

By rights they should both have been looking at the knee-hole table, and thinking of the bay-window. As it was, each caught the other looking at him—and her—respectively, in an absurdly surreptitious manner. This had happened before, and was followed by a resolution on the part of both to fix their whole minds upon the furniture

question; and again the moments flew.

Several items had in fact been satisfactorily disposed of—partly through his having shifted his position to one nearer, but not opposite to her—when Walford started up with a wild howl and ran to the window.

"Oh, Hal," she cried, frightened and startled by his vehemence, "what is it?"

"Paper," he said, recovering himself with a quite unsympathetic promptitude. "Paper, and perhaps chemicals."

Some three and a half miles away, from one of the heights of north London a stream of flame shot fiercely up into the night, and swayed and blazed, a pillar of fire, that seemed to connect earth and sky; and again for five minutes they sat and gazed.

Fires, to the student of London at night, assume rich diversities of character. Some blaze with a condensed fury, suggesting that the dome of St. Paul's, inverted and filled with water, would boil over in ten minutes on such a furnace. Others have more the nature of a showy pyrotechnic display, which, if it seriously alarms a few hundred people, rouses the dazed admiration of thousands of bored and blasé citizens.

"How awful!" she said; "but it doesn't look so bad as the other."

"All the same," said he, "they'll want more engines to it."

"Why?"

"Because there's no pressure up there—not enough to wash the ground-floor windows with."

"Pressure!" she answered innocently. "I thought it was the engines always pumped the water up."

The amateur fireman smiled sweetly. "So they do," he explained, "when they've got to, but not when the water will go up of itself. Don't you see, Nellie dear, it all depends on the fall. You send a manual or steamer to most fires, because they are usually wanted, and to take the men, fixings, hose, etc.; but if the standpipes from the street were enough—By Jove! It's lucky

there's no wind; doesn't it flare up straight!"

"But, Hal," she persisted, with the air of a studious learner, "would a standpipe sent water up here if we wanted it?"

He looked down to the street, which seemed almost deserted but for a newsboy running and yelling out some announcement which he could guess but not hear from the heights of St. Michael's Mount. A few foot passengers were hurrying along, obviously to get a better view of the great show; even the policeman had gone to the extreme end of his beat to satisfy a similar curiosity.

"No," he mused meditatively, "not up here, but anywhere near the river level, you know, the hydrants will throw sixty gallons a minute over the tops of any of the houses. But of course, if your fire's had a quiet start by itself, you want to throw five or six streams further than that; why,"—he concluded, sitting down in the chair he had first occupied, and playing on the table—"you must have engines, and you must have 'em smart, and if they happen to be wanted elsewhere it's sometimes rather awkward. That thing up there," he pointed to the window, "would of course be seen directly all over the place. But then the Amberwell fire won't be got under to-night, I dare say—and when they get there, very likely there won't be water enough to fill a dam!"

"To fill a dam, Hal!" interrupted the young lady; "what's that?"

"Oh, nothing wrong. Only a great sort of canvas tank—haven't you ever seen it?—that they put over the main plug in the street, and all the engines suck out of it—it runs over all the time, you know, if there's a decent supply; and they call it the 'Universal dam' (sounds rum, doesn't it, like something to do with the end of the world), because of course each engine has—Ah! there's another," he broke off, as a faint rattle crossed the end of the street, "and going north."

These simple explanations, given from the height of quasi-professional

knowledge, seemed to possess vast interest for their solitary auditor. It took the form of a purely academic ebullition of public spirit.

"Ought you to go and help?"

The lecturer turned away to hide a modest smile.

"Very likely they may be short of hands," he answered, "but I expect they'll do without me. Let's get on with the furniture."

But after a minute or two of business, her mind reverted to the subject.

"Hal," she said, looking up suddenly with a subdued and quite respectful chuckle, "I wish you'd put on your fireman's things—you've got them here, haven't you? And I should so like to see how you look in them."

And he, liking to see that mischievous sparkle in her little black eyes, and not unwilling to give her some remembrance of himself in a character in which he did not expect to appear again, retired and donned the familiar uniform, at least the jacket, belt, axe, and helm of glittering brass, wearing which he re-appeared in the doorway at "'tention."

"Now if you only had a spear," she said, laughing with delight at his heroic appearance, "you'd look just like Achilles or some person out of 'Lays of Ancient Rome;'" and she insisted on handling the helmet to see if it was real gold.

"The garment," he remarked, rubbing the buttons, "apologizes for not being Tyrian purple, which it should be, to suit Mamilius—wasn't that the Johnny whose headpiece 'shone like flame?'—and as to spears," he said, resuming his seat and scratching out a perfectly nonsensical entry upon his piece of paper, "I can tell you a hose is as heavy and as difficult to hold straight as any 'longshadowing lance.' By the way, how about this table we're sitting at; would it do for the state dining-room? One thing, no slavey—parlor-maid, I mean—with more than an astral body, would ever get round it with the flap in."

"Oh, the table's simple enough," she replied with necessary firmness, "but

I wish, Hal, you'd give your mind to that settee, and measure it now," she added, getting up from her chair. "If we could get it into the other window, you see, it would just hold two."

"It does that already," he said—and lo! they were sitting side by side again.

There was another momentary delay, whereupon, after what seemed a severe struggle, she took the foot-rule from him, and proceeded to measure, he obediently taking notes at the table. Excited cries from the street below, and even the rattle of another engine which seemed to turn a corner and pass suddenly out of hearing, failed to disturb them.

They had been in the room altogether nearly an hour and a half, and it was by common consent time for them to get back to Old College Street, before she paused again to glance out of the window.

"You can smell it strongly from here, Hal."

"Ah, the wharves," he said sagely; "the wind's that way, you see,"—after a pause of infinitesimal embarrassment—"all there is of it."

She stood for two seconds before the window sill with the measure in her hand, musing as if in doubt, and resumed more quickly, "Oh yes, I think that'll be the very thing. Now we really must be— Hal, what's that funny white stuff falling? It looks like snow."

Long, long, did Walford remember how the tinkle of those trivial words had rung up the curtain on the great tragedy of their lives.

Snow does not usually fall in early autumn even in Great Britain. Was that why his face turned the color of the two or three fragments of ash, one the size of half a postage stamp, that fluttered into the room and fell upon the dark tablecloth under the lamp?

Then suddenly the noise down in the street seemed to become louder. Far below them, somewhere on the lowest floors of St. Michael's Mansions, there was a stampeade of feet, and a heavy door banged with a thunderous clang that reverberated up the well. And

then above other noises rose a cry—the scream of a woman's voice, abject and terrified, no mere sensational outcry, but one of those personally addressed appeals that cleave a man's life into two clean halves: Fire! Fy-ah!! Fah-err!!!

At the same instant a brazen drum down in Catchbrook Street seemed to strike up a sort of muffled alarum, and before three of its panting pulsations had echoed up the walls, Walford realized that the "Mansions" were well alight, and that one engine had already got to work in front of the house.

Cursing his own negligence, he flew to the inner door, to find the lobby wreathed with smoke. He flung wide the close-fitting outer door, and there rolled in, not wreaths, but volumes, dense and dark, streaming up from below. He craned over the stair-rail and looked down as well as he might through the stifling cloud. From the lower floors came a dull roaring sound that seemed to stop the very motion of his heart. He ran down to the next landing; there he could hardly face the smoke, and the heat was already alarming. The roar of a conflagration below grew louder; he could even make sure that the noise came chiefly from the warehouse at the back. It must then have been on fire for some time, and have burnt sideways into the Mansions. The iron balustrade was warm to the hand, and long tongues of flame flashed up here and there through the blinding waves, which now compelled him to beat a hasty retreat. The well was beginning to draw like a blast furnace.

"Ten minutes ago!" he gasped to himself, as he darted up the stairs. Ten minutes ago, perhaps, one man wrapped in a few yards of sopping blanket might have dared the rush down-stairs—perhaps; but now, and with her to think of, it was beyond dreaming.

A few steps below the top he found her, half leaning, half crouching against the rail, sick with terror of the height and of the flames below; her black hair dishevelled and blacker than

ever against her blanched cheeks, and the lustre gone from her eyes.

"Can't we get down?" she cried to him in a faint voice, struggling with her fear.

"Impossible," he panted shortly, raising and almost carrying her inside the flat, while he slammed the door heavily with his back. "Don't be frightened," he added, settling her on the sofa; "they've got an engine or two to work, and an escape will be here in two minutes, only we must let them know."

He put his head out of the window, and yelled lustily, "Help! help!—stair-case—on—fire—woman—here," and, after a pause, "the—long—escape—quick!"

The newly invented American "Telescope," as the men called it, recurred to his mind. "That," he thought to himself, "would get us down, and it's about the only chance."

Perhaps it was. At that very moment a family of children were spinning down it, one after another, from the top story of a house in South London.

But a fireman below, staring a bit, made answer, making a speaking trumpet of his hands while he shoved across the roadway with his booted feet a palpitating python-coil of hose, from which the spray squirted at every crack thirty feet into the air. "All right," he shouted, "Bill's got 'er—easy there!" (As another pair of foaming horses trampled and splashed the broad and shallow rapid coursing down the kennel, and the sucker of a third engine was hurled into the boiling dam.) "Stand by, below there! Ah! my Lord!"

Walford, unable to distinguish the words addressed to him, looked straight down below his window, and saw a sight of terror. There was a woman imprisoned on the fourth floor, to which a ladder had been reared that fell short by some ten feet of the window at which she stood leaning half out, afraid to retreat, for the flames were close behind her, and afraid to fall. The ladder seemed almost erect against the wall. But "Bill" was a hero, though accident or the stress of circumstances

provided him with such poor resources for action.

"Let yerself drop, mum," he cried hoarsely to the wizened elderly female trembling above him.

"No, no," shrieked Walford, momentarily absorbed in a more acute peril than his own. "No, no, wait; get a rope up."

Half giddy with fear, the woman sprang, instead of falling; it was but a little, but that was enough. The man leant back to catch her; these gymnastics were little to him. With a cat-like effort he grasped the falling bundle of clothes, locked his feet in the rungs of the ladder, and stiffened his back to break the blow. Probably he knew by that fraction of a second that all was over. The top of the miserable ladder leapt out from the wall, balanced for the space of half a breath, quivered, undulated, and fell backwards with a crash on to the pavement.

Walford shut his eyes, till a groan of horror from the street, audible above the drumming of three engines, the stamping of horses, and the cries of men, concluded the agonizing suspense. The whole scene had not occupied two minutes.

"Poor man!" moaned the crowd. "His wife p'raps—or his mother."

He turned back into the room. The girl flew towards him.

"No, no," he cried, embracing her. "Don't look out, it's too—don't be frightened, darling. There's been an accident!"

He looked out again himself and called. The crowd were making a lane for something carried away on a stretcher. He paused and called again. An answer came up, in which the word "wait" was distinguishable, but lacking that robust assurance which one on whom the claws and teeth of mortal danger are leisurely closing, likes to hear from a rescuer.

There was a minute of maddening interval, during which Walford—the girl helping him, like one in a dream—collected blankets and sheets from the bedroom and soused them with water. Having done it, as there seemed no

other use for the apparatus, he heaped it up against the outer door, under and around which the smoke was now being forced in fine dark swirls like curling black hair. Such activity merely occupied the hands, while his brain seemed to be racing like a weaver's shuttle, spinning that warp of useless "whys" which, crossed with the woof of unanswerable "hows," soon makes up the web of despair. "Why had no proper fire-escape arrived? Why had the men only ladders, and ladders which were too short?" All actual recent shortcomings, all the complaints he could recall being hurled at the brigade, flashed through his mind; how, on quite a recent occasion, the only accessible escape had been found padlocked, and the key (safe in the pocket of an absent custodian) not found at all; or, again, how casual diners out had made mirth of the new superintendent as one who indeed destroyed less of valuable property, but put out fewer fires than his popular predecessor. He caught himself half smiling, lost in a wild momentary reverie, from which the sharp imperious "toot toot" of a steam-whistle awoke him. "Signal," thought Walford, "putting another length on one of the hoses up in Catchbrook Street."

In fact, from the top windows of the side street round the corner a flood of water was being poured upon the now blazing wing of the Mansions. Nevertheless, the particular engineer with his hand on that shrieking valve was one of the body encamped in Gloria Road, around whom a dark hedge of stalwart and serious police kept off the struggling and yelling crowd; and he was looking up at Walford's window. And Walford, mechanically donning the helmet which lay on the table, attended to his call obediently as a fireman balanced on some roof-top to the familiar note which warns him that the leaping and pulsating monster his arms can hardly direct will next minute be an inanimate log with a decided "list" streetwards. He looked out, leant out, and distinctly heard a final answer from a superior official in uni-

form, who shouted calmly, and, as it seemed, desperately. The girl within, from the sofa at which she knelt unseen, heard him mention two Parliamentary divisions of the metropolis, Amberwell and North Brislington, and, a second or two later, during momentary cessations of the turmoil below, had learnt the worst. "The roof at the back—a rope over—that's all you can do—perhaps in twenty minutes."

She had risen trembling, before Walford turned his white face back into the room.

"What is it?" she asked idly, with pursed and quivering lips.

"Come along," a strangely faint voice answered. "We must get on the leads."

It was now dark, but the swelling crowd in the street, impelled by curiosity or the blind passion that for centuries peopled the amphitheatres, pressed heavily and vociferously upon the living barrier that girt the "laager" of the Fire Brigade. The sensation-craving attitude of the vulgar herd on such occasions is, as a rule, but little akin to sympathy. Within the limits of a peril which does not approach the uncontrollable, or involve the actual destruction of lives, it verges rather upon an indifference to everything but the prolongation of the display. Not for nothing have imaginative nations worshipped fire, "a fetish at once so simple and sublime that all productions of the chisel paled before it." But to-night the sense of impending tragedy seemed to weigh heavily upon all spectators, active and passive, and found expression in a vast hoarse murmur, that only now and then broke up into discordant cries. Among the besieging force, short of numbers, resources, and supplies—a hose van had come in with the news that official coal would be unreliable for the next hour or so, and long before midnight householders and caretakers of Gloria Road were bringing out their domestic stores in baskets—was a scene of frantic activity, hoarse voices and straining nerves, of which the whole ardor, im-

patience, and furious energy seemed embodied in each of the seven steamers, whose pantings, like those of fifty brazen-throated Perillus bulls, re-echoed from wall to wall of the wide thoroughfare.

Beneath each gleaming furnace, rocking on its locked wheels, steadily grew and fell away the same pile of blood-red cinders. Above each straining funnel hurtled up into the night the same fierce jets of flame. The whole level street, doubly dark against the light above, was a lagoon dotted with muddy and trampled islands, a marsh about which wallowed in every direction the quaking and bursting coils of hose, like monsters in primeval slime; but on every dripping fold and every muddy pool there flashed now and again rays of crimson and gold from the fires bursting from all the central windows of the doomed building, and spreading steadily downwards as blazing rafters and furniture crashed from floor to floor, and rapidly upwards as after each crash huge tongues and volumes of fire leapt up with a shriek and a roar, that drew an involuntary responsive murmur from the hundreds of hungry-eyed gazers.

To the chief just arrived on his rounds, and anxiously glancing up at the iron framework (now rapidly being stripped to the bone) of the "fire-proof" Mansions, a grave-eyed officer of nautical build was curtly explaining the situation.

The warehouse, a huge building stuffed with inflammable material, of which only one and the smallest side abutted upon Catchbrook Street, had had an hour's start, or something like it. The fire had begun at a point some twenty yards removed from the street, at the back of this right wing of the Mansions, into which it had burnt deeply before they (the narrator and his friends) had had a call. There was a hope of saving the left wing. "And we've lost two lives, one of our—"

"Yes, I heard," said the chief. "That was bad." He bit his grizzled moustachios, and there was pain in his eyes.

"And we'll lose two more if we don't—"

"Where?" said the superior sharply.

"Top window, left wing, this near side. There, sir, you can see the girl. If we don't get the South Street escape in a quarter of an hour—" he broke off.

"Who's to get at 'em? We're short of everything 'cept water," and he glanced at the rapid coursing over his feet.

"That's in use," said the chief; "small fire, top floor. Lord Camptown's in Granville Square."

"Granville Square," muttered the man. "Lord! what a night!"

The chief had not taken his eyes from Walford's windows.

"There's a man up there," he said; "I saw his helmet."

The official uttered an execration expressive of surprise.

"That'll be one of Birkett's team—they must have got a ladder up at the back—or Birkett himself, I'll lay a wager; that chap'd go anywhere."

"Well, I suppose you'll manage it somehow," said the superior, with an accent of reassurance. "I must be off north. You'll have the first four engines I can spare, and mind," he half turned back on his heel, "I wouldn't give those second-floor girders another ten minutes, they're pulling in now; that wall will fall outwards. Get your men away." And he was gone.

The person addressed cast one more glance up at the window on the seventh story; but no figure was visible there, and the whole top floor was beginning to be obscured by the smoke pouring out of the lower windows and rolling along the roof. A light wind had risen and was fanning the flames in that direction.

The corner of the building between the side and main street exhibited immediately before his eyes a sufficiently wondrous and alarming spectacle. To him it merely represented a trying but interesting crisis in the night-long engagement. The towering angle of the Mansions was thickly wrapped and swathed almost to the summit in shaggy folds of coal-black smoke that hung and gathered like a dense growth

of ivy on some ancient turret, and through which ever and anon snapped and flashed darts and volleys of angry flame, like musketry from an embrasure; and as from pavement, window, and roof the gleaming columns of water crashed in in reply, clouds of shrieking steam boiled up into the air and showed huge white blossoms against the murky wreaths that covered the quaking wall. Suddenly the wild unearthly "Yahoo!" of a syren sounded over the roofs from the direction of the river.

"The large float," he said to himself, "droppin' down to Amberwell; that'll maybe let loose another steamer for this job."

A grimy salvage man with a bandaged hand, his stalwart form literally besprinkled with mud and ashes, ran by.

"Birkett's got up an escape at the back. Those — fools broke the other turning a corner. He's brought down a woman."

"That's all right," said the man in charge. "Below there, Simmons!"

An avalanche of charred and blazing timbers fell on the pavement.

Walford grasped Nellie's arm, and together they stumbled through a stifling cloud up the little staircase with an oppressively intense consciousness that a hundred years ago, in a remote sphere of existence, they had gone through an exactly similar process, which was somehow more real than the present. To her indeed the delusion was less actual, for when they reached the roof she collapsed an unconscious burden into his ready arms. Wildly he looked about for a spot of temporary safety and shelter during this fatal delay. He could not leave her reclined against the outer balustrade, for sheets of smoke seemed drifting up the wall from the lower windows. Hastily he scrambled, holding her in one arm, over a ledge of lead, and reached a secluded spot behind a huge stack of chimneys, some yards further from the nearest signs of fire, and within but a few paces of the crevasse-like passage which separated the burning wing of the Mansions from

that beyond, deserted in the last half hour by its few alarmed denizens on the ground floor, but presented to Wal-ford's eyes the nearest refuge, if it could be reached.

With this reflection in his mind he had dashed back across the leads and down the stairs, fighting his way this time through the smoke which surged up from the lift well. To judge from the smell and the heat the outer door and the flooring of the bedroom were already smouldering. He seized a jug of water, and having found a flask of brandy, and, as an afterthought, hastily stuffed a few valuables of small compass into his pockets, fled back across the roof. To his inexpressible relief he found her sitting up, white and tear-stained, on a grimy ledge below the chimney-stack.

"I'm all right," she said, struggling after a respectable bravery. "I think it was the smoke. Where have you been, Hal? When will they come and fetch us?"

For all answer he pressed some brandy to her lips, and then pointed across the dark gorge in front of them.

"It's not far," he said; "only on to that other roof. The men will be there soon with ropes and a ladder."

Twenty minutes, he thought to himself, must have elapsed, but what was the help promised in twenty minutes? He had not distinctly heard—was it the American fire escape, or what? Further communication with the street was impossible. He turned and looked back, the girl following his eyes. From the whole area of roof behind them, on two sides, rose a seething wave of fire and smoke that rolled steadily towards them. It was only a matter of time now. The hostile breeze had freshened, and a hot draught met him everywhere as he hastily explored in the falling light all accessible tracts of the roof.

"Wait here a moment, darling," he said, "while I look round and see if there is no other way down."

These indeed were idle words, but he meant to make surer the assurance of rescue by showing himself at some point on the roof. In a few minutes he

returned, satisfied that those in the street had seen him. So he said. In his heart he doubted whether, at that height, through the gathering darkness, he could have been discernible. No matter; his first appeal had reached them. No thought of the dress and arms which, by the merest coincidence, he was wearing, and of the delusive significance these might have to professional eyes, disturbed his fatal confidence that the helplessness of their position must be at once realized; that some adequate force would come to the rescue of two innocent beings imprisoned on an islet in the skies and driven towards the abyss by a tidal wave of fire. But the delay was incomprehensible. As the murky pall of smoke rolled up and mingled with the blackness of night, the horror of a deadly isolation seemed to brood over them.

A week's agony—the agony of a siege where relief is despaired of and life failing day by day—compressed into ten minutes, crushed down all instinctive struggles of hope against hope, as the leaden darkness seemed to press down upon them, and the advancing flames drove them towards the black and terrible precipice, beyond which lay their only safety. It was impossible they could be seen now, except against or amidst the sheets of flame whose hot breath now and again swept round them—except, that was, from a point from which none were looking, or at a moment when the long delayed rescue would be of no avail.

He could not have told how long it was after this reflection occurred to him—so swiftly time spun the web of terror round them—that the situation in a flash loomed definitely fatal. He could see flames streaming from the staircase by which they had twice ascended. The rooms in which they had sat and trifled an hour ago, and those adjoining them, now formed an extended wing of the general conflagration, cutting off all approach (had that been of any use) to the wall fronting

Gloria Road. Some thirty yards away, on the other side, the warehouse—four stories, with all the roof fallen in—roared to heaven in a vast cloud of flame, which shut out all view in that direction, and made their voices scarcely audible to one another. Immediately behind them the first high ridge of chimney-stacks stood out a jetty black against the seething waves and forked tongues of flame that, fanned by the freshening breeze, steadily clutched and devoured the mainland of roof.

Walford was no hero. He had played tentatively with danger, with the half pleasure of wrestling with the untried and little known. But at this crisis, when the blind horror of death seemed to be engulfing not only life, but all the happiness that could fill it, he felt its cowering cold-blooded mastery. But absolute surrender was impossible while she still lay there, white, helpless, but patient, she whom he had lured up to this hideous height that they might perish together unnoticed in its stupendous holocaust. He leant far over the parapet uttering frenzied cries. He paced backwards and forwards wildly measuring the breadth of the gulf. He climbed upon some raised partition in the roof, and gazed into the depth, imagination and reason racing in his brain, while the fire roared in his ears, for a mortal or miraculous solution of the insoluble problem. "O for a ladder!" (and despairing fancy mocked him with the echo, "O for wings!") "O for a rope!" ("O for an angel from heaven!") The one seemed now as likely to arrive as the other. But then the more bitter reflection forced itself sharply upon his desperate reverie. "What was to be done with a rope or ladder?" He could take her in his arms and carry her—but could he carry her? Could he walk twenty feet on the rungs of a horizontal ladder, swaying like a withy, when the lightest false slip meant to be dashed to pieces—and he shuddered to think of what he had seen in Gloria Road—upon the pavement below. Could he watch her crawling, struggling across that fearful abyss?

He peered down into the darkness below, dotted by a few tiny gaslamps. In his weakness he almost wished it could be all over at once—for himself—but for *her*? A gust of new energy and higher courage shook him like a storm at the thought. It was not their love or happiness, but her life alone that was now to be fought for. He would have a few words yet with the Spectre of Despair.

At that moment a red-hot wire struck him smartly in the back. Looking up, he saw towering above him an object familiar indeed to his eyes, but worth description to a reader unacquainted with the monstrosities of a modern capital.

From a point on the roof, about fifteen or twenty feet back from the wall, rose a huge mast, some fifty feet in height, surmounted by a spire, and supported by stays of iron wire from various parts of the building. Across the upper half of it were fastened, one below another and about a foot apart, eighteen stout crossbars of wood nearly seven feet in length. On each bar were fixed half-a-dozen large earthenware "insulators," and the whole framework—which now with smoke clouds rolling about it resembled the mast and rigging of a burning vessel—supported over a hundred telephone wires.

"Wait! wait!" shrieked Walford nonsensically enough, with a wild light in his eyes, vaguely fearful that his past antics might have robbed the girl of her last scrap of self-control. "Wait!" he forced his voice through the hoarse murmurs of rushing flame, and the fainter tumult from the streets. "I see!"

She did not, and indeed at first thought him mad, as, unbuttoning his axe and pulling tighter the buckle of his helmet, he rushed to the foot of the gigantic pole, measuring the height to the first crossbar, and then back to the passage, anxiously scanning its width. But what could she do? Nothing. "Sit still till I call," he thundered, "there, right under the parapet, close as you can get."

Twenty, thirty, forty times did she

hear the sound of the axe swung with hearty good will upon that stout Norwegian pine. Then he strode towards her again. His voice had a different accent, a touch of the agonized bitterness of a relapse into despair. "Half the wires are down," he said, "and one of the back supports; I can't get at the other."

Flames surrounded it and drove him back. Indeed, the foot of the pole itself was blackened on the far side, and a rain of sparks drove past it.

He groaned aloud. "Water, water!"

"'Arf a minute, mate," sounded a stentorian voice from the opposite roof.

Walford turned as if at a shot. The short squab figure of a Wapping mariner, clad in a dark blue uniform, carrying in one hand a heavy and gleaming musketoon, and closely followed by an anaconda of fabulous length, appeared against the skyline. The splendid dawn of the conflagration flashed a quite celestial brightness upon his brass buttons, his red nose, and even the thick wedding ring on his left hand.

"'Arf a minute!" he grunted in the same level tone; "one long and two short is Jumbo's ticket, and when you 'ear that I'll give you all the water she can send up." He adjusted the musketoon in both arms, casting an eagle eye over the territory to be attacked.

"Hello! 'ow will you get the lydy over?" He spoke as if the interval between them were a streamlet in which she might wet her feet.

"All right," answered Walford, with a half hysterical yell, "we're coming across directly. Put that hose on me." And then a long piercing wall from the depths below, followed with breathless rapidity by two stifled shrieks that stuck in the ear like darts, wiped out the rest of his exclamation as a sponge wipes out the writing of a slate. He pointed to a skylight or trap from which flames were beginning to stream up and play round the base of the mast, like some bright-colored creeper feeling for support.

"Lay down."

As the black coils behind him heaved and stiffened, the man chucked the words at Walford like a four of bricks. He lay down on his elbows, till a passing douche from the hose directed on to the leads just in front of him drove all the breath out of his body, and almost lifted it into the air. Recovering, he staggered back, axe in hand, through the shower of sparks, and in a moment was desperately at work again. Two feet to one side of him the rigid glistening torrent hung and thundered with an explosion of hisses into the burning aperture in the roof. The mightier waves of the fire beyond made the surging roar of a stormy sea. The sound of blows was audible above it. As the current first wavered, Walford looked up, shaking a red ash from his sleeve. The fireman was addressing him, but he could only hear part of his remarks.

"'Ow did yer get up?—ain't no use—fix up this a bit, and go fetch——"

He shook his head, and bellowed back grotesque and disjointed replies, "I'm not a fireman. Keep on a minute," and a second later, as he stooped over the iron stay, "Your axe, quick!"

It was bowled over adroitly. Walford deliberately chipped its edge against the side of his own, and in a trice was at work filing the twisted iron wire. The sweat poured over him and dripped upon the leads like rain, yet still he worked on. Three minutes passed, and the squab red-nosed man who had been murmuring to himself, "I'm not a fireman! Then 'oo the doose in all might you be?" beginning to fear that he had to do with some one naturally lunatic, or deranged by the terror of the catastrophe, began to protest in his own language. With face rubicund as the flames that illumined it, he implored Walford (who had begun again) to leave off chopping at a sanguinary pole which wasn't in the way, and must clearly (whatever happened) be burnt in another quarter of an hour. To his despair the lunatic, whom he now began to regard as dangerous, continued to dance about, axe

in hand, in a state apparently of mingled exultation and indignation.

"Nelle," he shrieked hoarsely, "get out of the way, there, to the left!" and to the thunderstruck man from Wapping, "Shut up, you —d fool; now then! It's coming down! mind yourself!"

There was a sudden crack as of a rotten tree struck and felled by an October gale, and the inevitable, which was also the astonishing, had once more come to pass.

Of the one hundred and eight telephone wires, a great number had already subsided, in a more or less liquefied state, into the huge furnace over which they had stretched. The stays on the further side being cut away, and the timber itself half severed, the strain of the unbroken wires or supports brought the whole framework down at right angles across the wall and the passage. The virtue of this operation of the law of gravity lay in the simple fact that the distance of the base of the mast from the first crossbar and from the wall was about the same, in which coincidence also was nothing remarkable. But when an unearthly discharge of grape and canister in the form of flying insulators and broken shards of earthenware had smashed the windows and starred the pavement a hundred feet below, it became apparent that there lay across the dreaded gulf, like a draw-bridge unexpectedly let down from the skies, a solid causeway, across which four men abreast might easily walk with no possibility of falling through, and even a small vehicle might have been driven.

At the sight of this dangerous miracle, the man from Wapping dropped his hose and fled. Cautiously returning, he kicked aside the broken spire and grasped the new structure to test its solidity. As there seemed no likelihood of its moving further, he nodded in a reassuring manner to the two figures advancing towards him, blackly silhouetted against the background of fire.

With a frenzied light of triumph in

his eye, Walford himself tramped upon the first crossbar to be sure that this wondrous inspiration would not vanish back into the fairyland of fancy from which it had so swiftly been bodied forth. Then he turned and said simply, "Come along—come along—like that—step on the bars, not on the pole—because they're flat—from one to the other."

But the transit was not to be accomplished so calmly, for as they reached the middle of the gulf, a long grinding roar shook the building behind, and the bridge beneath them. Crouching down, they both clutched at the trembling woodwork till the shock passed by, and the thunderous noise died down into a distant chorus of cries and the rustling as of a mighty wind just getting up. At the same moment, a new and towering aurora of light filled the sky behind, and threw the black outline of their two figures, half on the crossbars, and half on the opposite wall below.

"All right, sir; all right, lady," said a husky but cheering voice. "That's the far wall come down." And so it was.

Arrived on the shore of safety in a kind of dream, Walford's first act was to shake hands warmly with the red-nosed man.

"You ain't a fireman!" ejaculated the latter, adding with a sledge-hammer emphasis as he resumed his hose, "Golly!"

Not till they descended into the street were they clear of dreamland. Then first could the mind, gradually permeated by the body's enjoyment of the safe and solid earth, make up its actual account with happiness. It was he, of course, who made the first pretence of a recovery, propounding in a voice carefully modelled after his own, the original inquiry, "How are you?"

For answer, the color slowly returned to her cheeks, and cautiously, as if fearful of rousing the jealousy of an eluded fate, she broke into a tearful smile at the singularity of her appearance leaning on the arm of a figure still

dripping with water, his clothes torn and blackened with the grime of the roof. Then stopping for a minute, with hands that still trembled, she put back her wandering black hair into something like presentable tidiness.

The events above described had not disturbed the serenity of the little *cul de sac* known as "Old College Street." Arrived hurriedly up-stairs, and there beset by a torrent of obvious questions, Walford, while a belated supper was preparing, led the anxious mother to the window of her back drawing-room, and drew up the blind. Beyond the first low roofs, a vast volcano flared to heaven. "There," he said, before the speechless lady could articulate another inquiry, "that's St. Michael's Mount—and Nellie's rather tired, and I'm a bit wet and dirty. Nothing more."

"The heroism and presence of mind, not to say astonishing ingenuity of one member of the brigade in particular, which will, we trust, be rewarded by some adequate testimonial," was belauded in several leading articles of the next morning. But the writers who penned these eulogies knew not that they were but celebrating one more manifestation of that which the Greek poet had long ago described as equal to all forces of nature and all emergencies—of "Love unconquered in fight." The hero, indeed, met, according to his own account, with an adequate reward; but it did not take the form of a public testimonial.

From The Contemporary Review.
GERMANY UNDER THE EMPIRE.

Twenty-five years is but a span in the life of a nation, but it has wrought a great change in German thought and character. I was in Germany at the time of the great war, and I am now in Germany again twenty-five years after it, so that I am in a position to draw comparisons. I well remember the phases of emotion through which the nation passed as it received the

news of victory after victory, each more colossal than the last. There was, first, sheer, helpless incredulity—the details were too gigantic for belief. Then followed a sort of dumb stupefaction when the news was confirmed. To this succeeded a feeling strangely compounded of awe and exultation. The joy and pride of victory were great, but mingled with them was the sense of awe that such things were possible—that *la Grande Nation* could be so utterly overthrown. For, up to the time of the great war, the Germans in general still regarded the French as their superiors. It was curious to notice how the French officers were treated on their arrival in Germany by their captors. Nothing could be more deferential, or even obsequious. And this was due, not so much to the chivalrous feeling of consideration for a vanquished foe—though, no doubt, there was also something of this feeling—as to the inherited consciousness that the French were actually their superiors in everything except the art of war. I happened to be in Leipzig at the time when a large proportion of the Imperial Guard arrived there as prisoners from Metz. The common soldiers fared badly enough—the hospitality of Germany was really strained to the uttermost by the colossal number of the captives. Huts surrounded by a high wooden palisade were hastily extemporized at the outskirts of the town, and here the French soldiers spent the bitterly cold winter in a state of the greatest misery and privation. The food allowed them was altogether insufficient, and the charitable citizens used to feed them, like monkeys, with scraps of bread and sausage poked between the bars of their cage. It was a pitiful spectacle, which merely to contemplate was a degradation.

But it was very different with the French officers. They were released on parole, and it is not too much to say that they took possession of Leipzig. The wealthier inhabitants vied with one another in showering attentions upon them, and these attentions

were accepted by the French officers as simply their due, or even a little less. From first to last they assumed and maintained an air of easy and patronizing superiority over the nation that had conquered them. They hired one of the theatres, and gave entertainments, which were largely attended by the fashionable world. They even rented a portion of a lake for their exclusive use in skating, marked it off with a rope, and put up a notice, "No Germans admitted." This was a little too much even for their admirers; one Sunday afternoon there was an unseemly scuffle; the rope was torn down, and, in a bloodless battle, the Germans possessed themselves of the enclosure.

I mention these details because they enable one the better to judge of the completeness of the change that has taken place since then. Twenty-five years have passed; a new generation has grown up, trained in the tradition of national greatness, and every middle-aged or youthful German now honestly believes that Germany has not only no superior, but no equal. In itself this exalted patriotism is, at the worst, but an amiable weakness, but unfortunately it is liable to manifest itself in ways sometimes grotesque, sometimes disagreeable. Thus it is surely a perversion of patriotism to seek, as Germans nowadays do, to exclude all foreign words from their language. No doubt, there are two sides to this question. The one is the practical, the other the purely literary side. No one with the instinct of literature would wish to see his native language flooded with unnecessary words from foreign tongues. The written language should be kept reasonably, though not pedantically, pure. Even in cosmopolitan England a novel copiously interlarded with scraps of French is a recognized abomination. But the case is different when we come to the language of commerce and of conversation. For facility of human intercourse it is a distinct gain to have as many of what may be called world-words as possible—that is, words the mean-

ing of which is universally understood. True, Volapük is already dead, and we are still a long way from a universal language. But every true humanitarian and philanthropist looks forward to a time when, for purposes of international intercourse, there shall be one language and one currency. Meanwhile, any approach, however slight, to this desired consummation is a distinct convenience. It would be an advantage to have all over the world the same word for ticket, for railway, for post-office, and so forth. And something of this sort, however rudimentary, did actually exist on the Continent before the German Empire arose, and, in its newly awakened self-consciousness, did its best to blot it out. In those days, for example, the word always used in Germany for ticket was "Billet," and every educated man in Europe understood it. Now the word is "Fahrkarte," a word understood only by Germans and German scholars. It is a sorry perversion of patriotism thus to complicate the intercourse between nations. Nor has the effort even the merit of success. "Billet" is rejected as being French, but what of the second syllable of the word that has been substituted for it? No doubt, "charta" is Latin, but it is equally certain that it has reached Germany through the French "carte." This is but one instance out of many. Germany, however anxious to be free from obligation to other countries, must still borrow many words from her hereditary foe.

Again, before the war, it seemed possible that the Germans would give up their crabbed letters, and take to those in use amongst most other civilized nations. A great step in the right direction had already been taken, inasmuch as scientific books were printed in Roman characters. Now there is but little chance of further progress in this direction. The old letters have become the symbol of patriotism, and no one now talks of discarding them. Thus another barrier between nations is sedulously preserved.

A more natural and justifiable phase of patriotism was that displayed during the recent Sedan commemorations. None the less, they brought into unpleasant prominence the least amiable features of the modern German character. The North-German is, as a rule, sturdy, honest, and conscientious in a high degree. But, even when not excited, he does not greatly cultivate the *suaviter in modo*. His "yea" and his "nay" have a sheerness and sharpness that are a little startling to the smooth-tongued foreigner. But when to this natural aggressiveness of speech there is added the lofty and undisguised contempt for aliens which is engendered by the memory of astounding victories, the German is, for the nonce, the reverse of amiable. During the Sedan-Fest the one dominant thought, which found expression in every word and tone and gesture, was:—

Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles,
Über Alles in der Welt.

that is: Germany first—the other nations nowhere.

No doubt something of this feeling is to be found amongst other peoples. The Frenchman has certainly a complacent belief in his own pre-eminence. And as certainly it lies latent at the back of British thought. But nowhere is it so aggressively displayed as in Germany. It is there a positive cult. It is encouraged by the authorities; it is fostered in the schools; perhaps some day it will form a subject for examination.

Yet it might be wiser to study the gentle art of forgetfulness—to cease to reopen so widely the old wounds—above all, to take greatness a little more quietly. At present the sense of national superiority is still somewhat of a novelty to the German race, so long divided amongst themselves. The dawning realization that they, too, were at last a great and united nation—that the dream of their poets and the aspirations of their patriots had come to be an actual fact—this sent them wild with exultation at the time of the

great war. They have thoroughly realized it now—almost too thoroughly. But they have not yet grown quite accustomed to it, or they would not be so touchy and irritable as they are. Their greatness is still something of a new garment which, on account of its newness, they are a little over-anxious not to see sullied even by a speck. There has been a notable example of this quite recently. Nothing could be at once more amazing and amusing to an Englishman than the ferment into which the whole German press was thrown by an article in the *Standard* on the German emperor, followed by one in the *Daily News*. Had similar articles concerning the queen appeared in a German newspaper not a solitary Englishman would have turned a hair. But all Germany was in a fever of excitement because it had been suggested that the Kaiser might have chosen a more suitable locality than British waters for a speech calculated to wound the susceptibilities of one of Great Britain's allies. It was actually said in more than one German paper that the whole German nation had been insulted in the person of the emperor. The emperor himself knew better, and preserved a judicious silence respecting the incident.

Such ebullitions of feeling are no doubt due to the virgin sensitiveness appropriate to youth. In another twenty-five or fifty years the German nation, with a deeper and more settled consciousness of her own dignity, will cease to fall, on such slight provocation, into political hysterics.

In this particular case something, too, must be attributed to the unpopularity of England in Germany. England is just now, with respect to Germany, in the position of the man who dare not even look over the hedge whilst another may with impunity steal the horse. There is only one other nation—Russia—so cordially detested. As to France, the feeling of the Germans towards her is by no means bitter. She does not cross their path; the interests of the two nations, though

vitaly opposed, do not clash in the ordinary course of politics. Besides, France is a source of pride to the Germans since they have beaten her so thoroughly. The greater France proves herself to be, the greater the triumph of the nation that has conquered her. It is like the pride of the cock of the school as he points to his vanquished adversary: "See what a big fellow he is, yet I licked him!"

It is very different with respect to England. Every German believes the English to be at once a grasping and a hypocritical people. The newspapers still grumble from time to time over the cession of Heligoland and declare that England has much the best of that bargain. According to them, she manages to get the best of every bargain made with Germany, and does all in her power to thwart German enterprise everywhere, especially in Africa. Hence the delight with which the Kaiser's memorable telegram to President Kruger was hailed at first in the Fatherland.

Then, too, Germany has never conquered England, so that she cannot assume quite the same air of superiority to her which she can towards France. Of course, the Prussians won the battle of Waterloo and in that way proved their superiority to the English, but that is not quite the same thing as gaining a victory over them. It is a pity that one of two nations which are in a way brothers, and ought to be friendly rivals, should have such a feeling towards the other; but the fact cannot be disputed. Individual Englishmen may be liked and even loved, but the English as a nation are hated. So far as I can judge, there is not much of this feeling in England towards the Germans. There may be a little grumbling sometimes that Germans should supplant our clerks and undersell our merchants, but in the main the Germans are liked and admired, and their literature is eagerly studied by Englishmen.

In Germany I have frequently heard it mentioned as a grievance that the Kaiser should be so fond of England

as he is. He is even supposed to allow himself to be swayed to some extent in politics by the advice of his English relations. But it must be allowed that the signs of English influence are not too obvious in the actions of the sovereign who assumes in the nineteenth century the attitude as regards kingly rights of Louis XIV. And assuredly of late he has done his best to convince the world that no ties of blood or friendship would count for much when notoriety was to be achieved or popularity augmented by a hostile intervention in the affairs of a friendly nation.

I pass on to a subject which has been strongly forced upon my notice in the Germany of to-day. It seems to me that there is even less personal liberty now than formerly. Certainly the prosecutions for the so-called crime of "*Majestäts-beleidigung*" (*lèse-majesté*) are more numerous and the sentences more severe. Moreover peccant editors are now treated in many respects like ordinary felons.¹ As a well-known German newspaper has said, it has now come to this—that any adverse criticism of the Kaiser's utterances is a penal offence. Praise or silence—these are the alternatives. And yet never perhaps was there a monarch whose speeches more loudly challenged criticism. But they are sacred. To comment on them in words that raise even a suspicion of disapproval is sufficient to consign the writer or speaker to gaol for at least three months, more probably six, possibly twelve. Nay, astounding as it may appear, it is none the less a fact that "*lèse-majesté*" may be committed by saying nothing! In October last, the *Cologne Gazette* had an account of a man—a German who had been in America—who was unfortunate enough to offend in this way.

¹ Instead of being allowed out on bail, as was formerly the custom, they are now kept in confinement until the trial. At the trial they are brought up in prison dress, with slippers open at the heel (as a precaution against escape), and with a metal number on the breast. That is, they are forced to figure as criminals before any crime (even in the German sense of the word) has been proved against them.

He was at a café with some companions and they fell to discussing the comparative merits of the German and American institutions. Of course, the man who had been in America was in favor of the American constitution. He waxed eloquent on the subject, and went on to say: "As for the Kaiser—" then, suddenly realizing the dangers that beset that word, he stopped short. But he had already said too much. He had been overheard by some one who denounced him to the police. They arrested him and he was ultimately sentenced to three months' imprisonment. It was not asserted by the prosecution that he had said anything against the Kaiser; he was condemned on the facts as I have stated them. It was assumed that, if he had finished the sentence, it would have contained an insult to his Majesty, and this was enough.

A later example is, if possible, more astounding still. An upholsterer in Danzig was asked at a restaurant to estimate the value of a plaster bust of the empress, and said it was worth only a shilling. For this he was tried. At the trial the bust was produced, and being found to be of very inferior quality, the man was acquitted. But that he could have been tried at all on such a charge is significant enough.

Such cases are ludicrous except for the victims. But occasionally the over-sensitive loyalty of the Germans leads to results still more absurd. Thus at Bonn last summer a party of friends were chatting at a restaurant, when one of them said: "What a fool that Kaiser is!" The audacious words were not allowed to pass unavenged. A policeman was at once called in by an eavesdropper and the culprit given into custody. Then it came out that he had merely been referring to an acquaintance of the name of Kaiser (a not uncommon name in Germany). Even then he was taken to the police-station, and had some difficulty in obtaining his release.

To an Englishman, trained in robust traditions, there is something petty in this extreme sensitiveness to

criticism. It cannot be doubted that the Kaiser, with his developed faculty of omniscience, knows very well that these prosecutions take place, and sanctions them. They do much to diminish his personal popularity, which, nevertheless, is still very great. The explanation is probably to be found rather in his position than in his personal qualities. The Kaiser means much more to the Germans than any ordinary sovereign does to his people. For the Kaiser is not only Kaiser, he is the centre and symbol of racial unity. If there were no Kaiser, Germany would lose her proud position among the nations and become once more a mere congeries of separate states. Therefore, the emperor represents the national greatness in a way and degree quite unusual among monarchs. His subjects laugh at him a little, especially at his speeches to recruits, but, on the whole, their feeling towards him is one of admiration. They consider that he represents them worthily before the world. No doubt his restlessness and impulsiveness sometimes make them a little nervous. There is a caricature of him (not, of course, publicly exhibited—that would be too dangerous) which pokes a little harmless fun at his eagerness to be always on the move and to change his destination as often and rapidly as possible. He is represented as putting his head out of the window of a railway carriage and asking in breathless haste: "Wie weit sind wir?" (How far have we got?) To get as far as possible in a given time seems sometimes to be the chief object of his ambition. Last year he spent considerably more than six months in travel of some kind.

But this is a digression. I have mentioned the increased frequency of prosecutions for "*Majestäts-beleidigung*" as one proof of the small measure of personal freedom enjoyed by the Germans under the Empire. Another true story may serve to show how rudimentary is as yet the very conception of liberty amongst our cousins. Every year, after the military manœuvres, it is the

custom for officers appointed for the purpose to go round and pay the farmers whose ground has been injured certain sums by way of compensation. Two such officers, in the course of their round, proceeded to a farm and found the farmer ploughing in a field. They called to him to come to them. He declined, saying that he could not leave his horses. For this he was criminally charged. It was allowed that he had said nothing offensive; but the officers maintained that his tone and manner were insulting, and demanded his exemplary punishment. It is only right to add that the Court of First Instance decided against them. But they were so certain of the justice of their cause that they at once carried the case into a higher court. How it ended I do not know. The fact that such a charge could be brought at all is a sufficient illustration of what is understood by the freedom of the subject in modern Germany.

It is the same in everything. There is little possibility of independence in speech or action. The police are always at your elbow; and woe to you if you do not carry out their injunctions to the letter. There has lately been a striking illustration of the power of the police in Vienna, and certainly their power is not less in the German Empire. In both cases they are protected almost beyond the possibility of conviction by the so-called *Dienst-Eid*, or Service-Oath. If I remember rightly, this oath is held to be equivalent as evidence to the oaths of five independent witnesses. That is to say, to disprove a policeman's story, you must find six independent witnesses to testify to your version of the facts. As this is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred impossible, the policeman is master of the situation. He is in his way an autocrat, and can be as arbitrary as he pleases. I am bound to add that, from what I have seen of the Prussian police, I should say they are, as a body, anxious to do their duty properly; but they have very little of the forbearance which is so marked a characteristic of the

English constable. They do not understand argument, much less contradiction. Each bears a sword and has no idea of bearing it in vain. In all this he is supported and encouraged by the higher authorities. The police, consisting of old soldiers, are to all intents and purposes a military force, and are meant to terrorize the masses. To refuse to obey their orders, even if they are unjustifiable, is a very grave offence; actually to resist them is a crime punishable with far greater severity in Germany than in England.

And their control over your actions is almost universal. It is not confined to the street; it extends over your house and garden. The *Schutzmann* strolls into either when he likes, much as a master enters a class-room to see that all is going on properly. He will count the caterpillars in your garden, and summon you if he finds too many of them. If you go for a bathe, he will forbid you to get out of your depth, swim you never so strongly. In fine, half schoolmaster, half nurse, he will supervise your every action, from the cradle to the grave, with a military sternness and inflexibility which robs you of all independence and reduces you to the level of a mere plastic item. To live in Germany always seems to me like a return to the nursery. I have had some experience of life in most European countries, excluding Russia and Turkey, and in none have I found the régime so severely paternal as in Germany. Not that by "severe" I mean in the least harsh or barbarous. But you have to walk very straightly in the appointed way. Provided you do this with sufficient meekness, and allow the higher authorities to supervise your life in its minutest details, all is well. But if you wish to stay in Germany, you must give up your individuality, as you do your passport, into the keeping of the police authorities.

Of course, mere tourists see and feel but little of this. As recognized birds of passage, they are allowed a volition of their own. It is only when you

settle for a while that you become aware of the network of police precaution which is thrown around you. Nor do the Germans themselves feel it at all acutely. Long use has made it second nature to them; they can hardly imagine any other régime. It is the pneumatic pressure of their social and political atmosphere, very real and very heavy, but so universal and so evenly distributed that it gives them little sense of discomfort.

The unceasing desire to regulate every detail of the citizen's life leads to some curious instances of interference with freedom of choice in Prussia. Thus only a certain limited number of chemists is allowed in every town. One to five thousand inhabitants is the ratio. No doubt there are cynics who will be disposed to applaud such a regulation; but its practical effect is to create a monopoly and to occasion much inconvenience. More curious still is the arrangement by which a master-sweep is appointed to each district in a town. Him you must employ, whether you like it or not—or at least you must pay him if you employ another. He, and he alone, has a legal right to the fee for sweeping your chimney. This makes him a very important and often wealthy individual. Of course he has numerous assistants, and sometimes does no work at all himself. I have heard of one such divisional sweep who was reputed to enjoy an income of £1,500 a year from his business. In justice to the State, it should be added that such persons have to pass an examination before they are allowed to attain to these exalted positions.

But if there is little personal liberty under the new Empire, so is there, as it seems to me, less comfort and less enjoyment of life than formerly. No doubt there are various good reasons for this. Germany is no longer the cheap country that it was before the war. The people have lost much of their old simplicity of character; the style of living is altered; the change of coinage has marked a change of prices. Except in very out-of-the-way

places, I do not see that Germany is now a cheaper country to live in than England. Of course, for the squire who goes abroad to retrench, any foreign country is cheaper than his own, because he escapes the various collateral demands upon his purse which belong to his position in England. But otherwise he might as well remain at home. A German penny (ten pfennigs) is rather more than an English penny, but it will not purchase more in Germany than a penny will in England. No doubt there are still a few places where living is comparatively cheap; but you must hunt for them. One such is Münster, where two furnished rooms and breakfast can be got for 12s. a month! But this is quite the exception. On the whole, Germany is now a dear country—in fact, you pay quite as much as in England, and get less value for your money in the way of comfort.

This has, doubtless, something to do with the diminished cheerfulness of the German people. It may seem an over-rash generalization to assert that there is any such diminution. Is it not more probably another example of "the pathetic fallacy"—the writer transferring his own altered mood to those with whom he comes into contact? If there is one thing the German values more than another, it is his "*Gemüthlichkeit*." The word is untranslatable, and "cheerfulness" is only the more superficial aspect of it. In another aspect it is the precise opposite to the English stiffness and reserve in society. But the German *table-d'hôte* nowadays is as formal and freezing an affair as it is possible to imagine. It is no longer the custom for neighbors, if strangers, to converse with one another. I have been present at many where all was gloom and silence. You might have fancied that you were amongst a party of Englishmen who had not been introduced to one another.

Formerly it was not so. The humor might be a little heavy, but the joy of life was evident; tongues wagged, talk flowed; laughter was near the lips.

waiting to break forth on provocation however slight.

Whether it is that the consciousness of new-born dignity sits heavily upon the modern German, or that life is really harder for him, or that a sense of increased responsibility casts a shadow upon his path, I do not know; but the change seems to me to be both real and marked. No doubt he unbends sometimes; you may still hear carols on the Rhine, and the students have not forgotten how to lead a *flottes Leben*; but, none the less, there is now a shadow over the land which was not over it before the great war. The German race has undergone a unique experience, fruitful of glory, but fruitful of suffering also. The glory remains as a nimbus, but those who look closely can see the traces of the storm behind the nimbus.

Then, too, there is the future to be reckoned with, and this may well cast its own shadow upon German thought and life. For every German believes that there must be at least one other great war. The whole nation is not only armed, but in an attitude of militant expectation. Never was there such a perfect manslaughtering machine as the Prussian army of to-day. All is ready, even to the six millions in hard cash locked up in the fortress of Spandau for the first expenses of mobilization. It is a clever arrangement. No other nation is thus prepared at a moment's notice to let slip the dogs of war. But the Germans are content to allow this huge sum to lie infructuous, in order that they may be beforehand with their adversaries when the occasion comes. This marks more plainly than anything else the nature of the situation in which the German Empire still finds itself. Great as have been the achievements of the past, there is no sense of finality. On the contrary, all is tension, all is uncertainty. Instead of the peaceful rest from labor, and the enjoyment of the hard-won harvest, there is the gloom of presentiment and the gleam of bayonets.

In fine, speaking generally, the as-

pect of affairs in modern Germany is by no means exhilarating. It seems to me that it may be summed up in a few words: An enormous increase of power and influence abroad, but, at home, less comfort, less liberty, less happiness.

A. EUBULE EVANS.

From The National Review.
TIFLIS.

Tiflis, the capital of Transcaucasia, with its population of nearly a hundred thousand souls, owes its name and probably also its site to the hot springs which exist in its immediate neighborhood. It is curious to notice throughout the whole Oriental world how general is the custom of fixing upon some such natural but uncommon feature as this for the site of a city. No doubt to the ancients, as to the people of the East to-day, hot springs were marvels that excited not only the admiration but also the religious zeal of the natives, and to-day one finds in one's travels that almost wherever such springs do exist, the population of the neighborhood, and even people residing at long distances, make pilgrimages to the spot, though as a rule the medical properties of the water are little understood. In the case of Tiflis, the natural features of the country added further advantages which, in the warlike days of the fifth century A.D., could not well be overlooked. For the river Kur, with its steep rocky banks and the high mountains beyond, would tend to render any attack upon the place if not futile, at least extremely difficult. And in those days of early Georgian and Armenian kings, when the wild Caucasian tribes harried them from the north, and the devastating hordes of Persians and Mongols from the south and south-east, not to mention the invasions of Greek and Roman, the defences of a city were of the utmost importance. And so it was that near the close of the fifth century A.D. King Vakhtang of Georgia built a town upon the site of a still earlier Persian for-

tress, utilizing its ruins for his fortifications. With so much zeal was the building of the town undertaken and carried on, that only a few years later, Dachi, the thirty-fourth sovereign of his dynasty, who held the throne from 499 to 514 A.D., made Tybylsys-Kalake, as it was then called, his capital.

It is beyond the scope of an article such as this to attempt to enumerate the various conquests and reconquests that the city has seen in its centuries of vicissitude; and on tradition more than on history are those accounts based; yet it can be stated almost with certainty that in as many centuries Tiflis has seen utter destruction no less than eight times, at the hands of Mongols, Persians, Greeks, and Turks. The first historical mention that can be fully relied upon is the invasion of Iberia, or Georgia, by Pompey, in Roman times, when the Bagratid dynasty of Georgians held the throne, having seized it in the eighth century and continuing to keep it in their line until in 1801, when, wearied with the continual invasions of Persian hordes under Agha Mohammed Khan, the last king sought the protection of Russia, and merged his kingdom into that vast empire.

The present town of Tiflis lies on both banks of the river Kur, the official and old part on the south, and the newer and more specially residential quarter on the north. It is along the former that the long lines of the old fortifications, massive walls and beetling towers, are found, looking down upon the handsome squares and boulevards that Russian enterprise, and Russian capital, have called into existence. To-day the Kur, which once formed the principal defence of the place on the north, serves only as a water-supply and for carrying off the drainage of the town, with the additional attraction that the turbid stream, rushing between its steep precipices of rock, is one of the most picturesque features of an already romantic scene. As far as the eye can wander in every direction the horizon is bounded by ranges of mountains; here the steep hills of rock that

rise in the immediate neighborhood, there the distant snow peaks of the great range of the Caucasus, faint against the blue sky. The actual surroundings of Tiflis, save where the Russian government has caused gardens and trees to be planted, are dreary and wanting in vegetation, for the destructive habit of all Orientals of deforesting land without ever replanting has left its indelible mark upon the aspect of the country, which to-day wears a rugged bare yellow appearance.

Before entering upon any description of the city, some idea must be given as to the strange conglomeration of inhabitants that flock its streets, for it is to the crowd that much of what is interesting in Tiflis is owing. True, the Armenian, with his shiny broadcloth and Jewish type of countenance, adds little to the attraction of the place, though it must be confessed that from the traveller's point of view, if from no other, he is most useful. Nearly all the banks and most of the shops are in his hands, from his ranks spring the guides and interpreters, and go where one will one finds him a ready linguist and polite, so long as he is paid. But from the artistic point of view the lazy, good-natured Georgian is charming, as he swaggers about with his handsome looks and becoming costume and "tcherkas"—or long, tight-fitting coat—from beneath which only the feet of his top-boots appear. True, he is a lazy, pleasure-seeking creature, about whose morals the less said the better, but his appearance of good looks and good nature, and his dandy airs, seem to render him a favorite everywhere. No one seems to realize better than he that he has the reputation of coming from the purest stock in the world, and of being a member of its handsomest race. Nor is this reputation belied as he is seen, in his long white coat with its silver or gold cartridge or powder tubes sewn across his chest, with his cap of white lambswool perched jauntily on one side of his head, to say nothing of his personal charm of countenance, which is often of the

greatest beauty. Round his waist is a silver or gold girdle from which hang a handsome sword and straight dagger, both cased in the same precious metals. Of the Persians one sees but little in the European quarters. One must seek the narrow, dirty bazaars near the river bank to obtain a glimpse of these scowling sallow fanatics, in their dark clothes and tall black lambskin caps. As a matter of fact, though Persian subjects, they are not of Iranian blood, but belong to the wild Turkman tribes which over-ran Persia, and whose descendants, now known as *Turkis*, to-day hold almost the entire northern part of the dominions of the shah. But to the traveller it is the Tartar, after the Georgian, who proves of the greatest interest. True, he has little beauty either in feature, figure, or costume to recommend him, but nevertheless there is a peculiar attraction, humorous rather than ornamental, perhaps, about the squat, narrow-eyed tribesman, in his ragged clothes and absurd "papak" or enormous hat of ragged wool. To attempt, during a short stay in the country, to unravel the complicated tribal system of the race is an impossibility, so one must deal with him merely as he appears as an item of the crowd, in his baggy trousers and blue cotton coat with its outstanding pleated skirt, and his ridiculous head-gear mentioned above. In Tiflis he is everywhere, here driving a string of lanky camels with their clanging bells of brass and copper; here sitting silently smoking his "kalyan"—water-pipe—in one of the painted and carved balconies of the many caravanserais in the Oriental quarter of the town; there again, purchasing a bundle of European goods to take away with him and trade in his native steppes. And to this picture of Oriental peoples must be added the Russian soldier, stolid and upright, well-fed and well-uniformed, polite and religious, doffing his cap to the "ikons" at the street corners, the very picture of health and courage. Nor is the Russian the sole type of the army of the empire, for the mounted Cossacks, mud bespattered

and none too tidy, canter their ponies up and down the streets, setting out for, or arriving from, some outlying station or distant town—and of them, with their absolute indifference to food and temperament, one cannot form too high an opinion. Scatter these varied races on the streets of Tiflis, add types of all the wild tribes of the Caucasus, with a sprinkling of officers in uniform and well-dressed ladies, and one can obtain some idea of the appearance of the inhabitants of the town.

As to the city itself a few words must be said. The principal street is the *Dvartzovaya-oulytza*—or *Palace Street*—a wide boulevard, in which are situated not only the palace of the governor-general, but also the handsome new opera house, the as yet unfinished cathedral, and most of the best shops. And it is when one finds such streets as these in an Asiatic town that one commences to realize the immense organizing and absorbing power of Russian government, that can, in a region so far removed, and connected directly neither by rail or sea with the Fatherland—raise up a city that rivals, in this street at least, any capital of Europe. Nor is it difficult to solve the problem, for ask where one will and of whom one will, to whom the prosperity, not only of Tiflis, but also of the whole of Transcaucasia is owing—the reply will be the same—to the Grand Duke Michael, brother of the Czar Nicholas II., who for eighteen years held the viceroyalty of this vast province, and for whose return the inhabitants have never ceased to pray. Every reform, every road and railway, every school and hospital—in fact, all that is good in the country—owes its origin to this Prince of Progress and Civilization.

The palace is a handsome building of great size, which, while possessing, perhaps, no great architectural beauty, is amply suited to its purpose, and cannot fail to impress, not only the native of the country, but also the civilized traveller, with the magnificence of the Russian court. Within it is gorgeously decorated: great clusters of palms, innumerable glass chandeliers, and a

quantity of gold paint, giving it the most brilliant appearance, a fit setting for the gorgeous semi-European, semi-Oriental crowds that flock its salons on reception nights. Next to the palace stands the new cathedral, now nearly completed. It is built in Byzantine style, much gilded and bedomed, and though, perhaps, a trifle gaudy, seems exactly suited to the place and climate. It is a building of great size, and forms already the handsomest and most magnificent structure in the town. Not far from this spot is the excellent museum—which, again, is entirely owing to Russian influence—where can be seen a remarkable collection of things typical of Transcaucasia, from life-size wax groups of the types of the tribes, to the various household utensils in use in the thousand and one valleys of the mountains. But to the sportsman the principal attraction will be the large collection of the stuffed animals and birds of the country, from the magnificent wild cattle from Elburz to the tigers of Lenkoran. Under Dr. Radde, the curator of the museum, the collection has largely increased, and is still increasing.

Before one turns one's steps to explore Oriental Tiflis, with its mazes of narrow streets and bazaars, there remain yet a few sights to see in the more modern town. Especially attractive are the public gardens, situated on the left bank of the Kur, some little way removed from the centre of the town. Here, at times, an excellent military band discourses music, and all the fashionable world of Tiflis parades. It is difficult, then, when walking under shady trees, surrounded by a well-dressed European crowd, to imagine oneself in an Asiatic town. Nor are these public gardens the sole resort that the traveller can find to walk in at leisure; below the crumbling walls of the ruins of the Georgian and Persian fortresses the government has laid out a botanical garden, where most of the trees and shrubs indigenous to the country can be seen, examples ranging from the mere luxurious vegetation of the Black and Caspian seaboard, to

the firs and pines of the higher Caucasus, for the elevation of Tiflis allows of the growing of both. These gardens, half wild, half tended, form a most attractive spot. Below them tumbles an affluent of the Kur in a series of falls and cascades, while above tower the ruins and the mountains beyond. From these gardens I climbed and scrambled by a mere track up to the little monastery and church of St. David, perched almost in the face of the precipice high above the town. From this spot a panorama of Tiflis and the surrounding country is obtained, and the exertion of the cliff climb is well repaid; the view of the town is admirable, and stretched out before one is the magnificent prospect of the peaks of the Caucasus. The church is named after David, the Syrian Father, who resided here. The first structure was erected in the fourteenth century, though the present edifice is of more recent date. The latter owes its material to the barren women of the neighborhood, who, in their desire for offspring, bore up upon their shoulders all the material of which the church is built. In spring they still pay pilgrimages to the spot. Two tombs of widely different men and different times lie beneath the floor of the church, that of St. David himself, and the other of Gryboedoff, the Russian author, who was murdered, together with all his suite, when filling the post of Russian minister at Teheran in 1828. His remains, after being exposed to the fury of the fanatical mob for three days, were, it is said, only recognizable from a scar upon one of his hands.

Of European Tiflis there remains but little to be said, unless it be to recognize the great comforts of that most excellent hostelry, the Hotel de Londres, over which Madame Richter and her son so ably preside, and which well bears out its reputation of being one of the most comfortable hotels, not only in Russia, but almost in the world. And none knows better than the traveller how much of his pleasure depends upon the quarters he finds to lodge in. One other fact, too, remains

to be noticed, the entire absence of the continental system of "cafés;" search far and wide there is nothing that answers to the idea of the "café" of France and Europe in general.

From the civilized part of Tiflis, with its handsome streets and shops, it is little more than a step to the maze of winding alleys and narrow byeways that form the Oriental quarter and the bazaars. It is here probably that the traveller will find most to interest him, for though the bazaars offer but little attraction to him who is conversant with those of Persia and the East, any one fresh from Europe cannot fail to be struck with their characteristics. What a bustle and stir of life there is there! what mud in wet weather, and dust in fine! what dirt in both! But, suffer as one may from either, or from the pushing, brawling crowd of humanity, and the offensive smells with which the streets are filled, no one ought to be deterred from a leisurely stroll through the Oriental town.

Cosmopolitan as this quarter is, it possesses characteristics to be seen probably nowhere else in the world. The great ill-built caravanserais, with their overhanging balconies of painted and carved wood, belong neither to Russia or Persia, though the "samovar"—urn—and "kalyan"—water-pipe—hail from each respectively, and without a number of both no balcony, and scarcely a shop, is complete. Often the footpath for passengers consists of a narrow curb-stone from which the wayfarer is hustled and hustled by the hurrying crowd, only to be hurled back again against the walls of the houses by a lumbering camel which usurps all the room and all the sound of the street by its awkward bulk and its clanging bells. Everywhere are strange narrow-eyed Tartars and Turkis of northern Persia, hailing one another in unknown guttural tongues; gaily dressed Georgians and natives of Daghestan, gaudy with weapons; cringing Jews and Armenians; policemen yelling out orders which seem never to be obeyed—a very Babel of nations and languages, such as must delight the heart

of the traveller. Every now and then rattles by some open wagon, painted scarlet and green, with the "Ivoshik" yelling to the crowd to make way, as the clumsy wheels scatter people and mud right and left. Then down through the narrow arched arcade in which the gloomy Persians, in a gloomy atmosphere, vend their wares, and out amongst the great tall caravanserais that stand on either side of one of the bridges over the Kur, under which the turbid yellow stream whirls and tumbles, as if anxious to fly the dirt and noise of the city. Then back through the open bazaars, where sit the armorers, the silversmiths, the vendors of musical instruments and curios, of carpets and furs, of wines and comestibles. Everywhere there is something to see, something to interest. Here, perhaps, one stands to look at the furriers' goods, from neat little lamb-skin caps for the Georgians, to the huge ugly overgrown mushroom-like head-gear of the Tartars; here again, the armorers attract one with their display of a strange mixture of Eastern and Western goods, from Smith and Wesson revolvers—made in Russia—to Daghestan daggers, old flint-lock guns with inlaid stocks, and swords and knives from everywhere. Thence on to the silversmiths where are the bowls from which the pleasure-seeking Georgian loves to quaff his wine, and the noted "niello" work of the country with its designs in black on a silver ground. Then, again, one pauses to listen as a vendor of long key-boarded guitars strikes some little plaintive melody from the thin strings.

I spent Easter in Tiflis, and thus had an opportunity of witnessing the beautiful service which, in the Orthodox Church, marks the end of Lent. The ritual of the Russian Church, together with the architecture and decoration of the churches, lends not a little to the impressiveness of such scenes, and the old Byzantine cathedral of Tiflis formed as picturesque a background to the religious ceremony as could well be imagined. On account of the crowd that throngs the midnight

service that ushers in the great national holiday of Russia, it is necessary to take one's stand—for there are no seats—at an early hour, and I had already been in the cathedral for nearly three hours when the ceremony commenced. There is no necessity here to enter into any of the details of the ritual of this beautiful service of the Orthodox Church, for at this spot I am dealing with it solely as an effect, a most telling reminiscence of a visit to Tiflis.

The service commences in the dull gloom, for with the exception of a few lights upon, and in the vicinity of, the altar, the church is unlit. But this gloom tends to heighten the effect of the group of richly robed and mitred priests that throng the steps, chanting in turn with the choir of unaccompanied boys' and men's voices the music of the service. In contrast to the group about the altar steps was the dark heaving crowd, half hidden in the filmy clouds of the incense and the dusk of the building. At length as midnight approached the priests and choir filed down the church and left the building by the main entrance, one or two alone remaining within. Then, as a rocket without gave the sign of midnight, a loud knocking commenced at the door, which was repeated several times. On the gate being opened the priests and choir hurried in, crying out again and again, "Christ is risen! Christ is risen!" Each bore in his hand a lighted taper, from which the nearer members of the crowd lit their own, passing the flame from candle to candle, for every one in the building bore a taper. It took but a minute to change the entire scene, and as the priests made their way to the altar, swinging their censors as they went, the gloom of the church disappeared, and the building was lit by thousands upon thousands of candles—where, before, the dusk had prevented one seeing either the church or the crowd, every picture and detail of the decoration of the building, and every figure in it, became distinct. The seething mass of humanity took form and shape, and where before one recognized only dark figures in an

incense-laden twilight, one recognized now the officers of the government, in uniforms bespangled with orders, accompanied by their wives and daughters, and, beyond, a vision of a thousand upturned faces full of reverence and attention. The altar, now a blaze of light, sparkled and shone with its treasures, and the richly jewelled mitres and cloth of gold robes of the priests dazzled the eyes.

Then, as the congratulations of Easter were taking place, I pushed my way out through the crowd into the brightly illuminated streets, in time to see the governor-general drive away, escorted by his bodyguard of Cossacks, who galloped beside his carriage, bearing blazing torches on long poles.

Easter Sunday was high holiday; every man, woman, and child in their best clothes, intent upon pleasure and enjoyment, and the public gardens were thronged, while military bands made music. What an echoing and re-echoing of congratulations; what a bowing to the revered "ikons" at the church doors and street corners; and, as the day progressed, what a number of men who had enjoyed themselves a little too much. But there was no fighting, no roughness, and the police are lax upon this great feast, and, as long as no fighting takes place, do not interfere. The streets are full of hurrying "droshkies," with their burdens of officers in uniforms and ladies, paying their visits of congratulation, or driving to the palace. Ay! Easter Sunday in Tiflis is a sight to be seen, and never have I witnessed, in spite of its various nationalities, a better-behaved crowd—though sometimes far from sober—than thronged the streets and gardens on this feast-day.

Such, briefly, is Tiflis; a city presenting two entirely different characteristics, the Oriental, in its decadence, and the Western civilization that Russia has brought with her, sweeping before her all that is rude and out-worn, and, in place thereof, raising a city of which any country in the world might well be proud.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

From *The Cornhill Magazine*.
THE DANE AT HOME.

The Dane is a good fellow. One comes, I think, inevitably to this conclusion after a somewhat intimate acquaintance with him. His country also is not the tame, uninteresting tooth of land one is prone to fancy from the summary of it given by the geography books.

To get in touch with the Danes and Denmark proper, it is desirable not to sojourn too long in the towns. They are called towns, these little red-roofed, stork-inhabited, stone-paved settlements of from two to thirty thousand souls. But really they are nothing better than tolerably developed villages. The tone of existence in them is distinctly parochial and bucolic. Flocks and herds make noises in the streets, the people have mirrors affixed to their windows to give them sly yet exhilarating glimpses of the passers-by, and the stranger within their bounds is marked down in a moment, and becomes a most welcome topic of conjecture and an object for all eyes to fasten upon. They are so very rural, in fact, that the white mist, which in the gay summer season rises about bedtime from the rich grass lands in the neighborhood, has no difficulty towards midnight in covering them with its film and keeping them (storks and all) as cool as it keeps the grass blades in the meadows. The one or two high chimneys in their midst must not be taken for indications of iron-works or factories. Thither night and day clatter the milk carts with milk from the farms for miles round; and in them butter is made on behalf of an entire district for shipment to England. If there is another building of some size in the place, you may safely assume that it is a slaughter-house. The slaughter-house, like the dairy, is closely connected with England. Wagon-loads of carcasses go from its gates periodically towards the nearest railway station, whence they journey at a dismal rate to Esbjerg, the chief port of shipment to Great Britain.

The people are divisible roughly into

but two classes—farmers and their dependants (including the tradesmen who live on both), and professional men. In Jutland, at any rate, one sees very few estates like those of our hereditary aristocrats, and one hears nothing at all about noblemen. The land is studded, from the German frontier to the Skaw, with countless little sturdy farmsteads separated from each other by nothing but the level fields and meadows of their freeholds. Trees in West Jutland are rare; hedges do not exist. The streams are trivial and meander deep set in the country, hid by the luxuriant flowery meads that clasp them closely. You may get an horizon of low moorland hills, beaded with little swellings—the graves of the old Danes; or you are free to guess where the land ends and the sky begins. If you are near a house, you will also be near the various plaintive kine, sheep and lambs and horses that are tethered in the grass contiguous to the road. These quadrupeds know no freedom in Denmark. They are always a prey to nerves and the curiosity that is the outcome of their restricted mode of life. They scent the stranger afar off, and proclaim their anxiety both with their throats and their terrified leaps and bounds. The sluggish Danish trains move them to frenzy as they saunter past them. Yet they are Denmark's chief aids to a livelihood—they and the vast fields of rye, thickly sown and so greatly beautified with blue cornflowers. The perfume of clover is over all the land, travelling on the genial breath of the west wind. It seems to intoxicate the larks with rapture; they are singing above it as fervently at half past nine at night as at five o'clock in the morning. And as much as anything else, it reconciles the tourist to the lack of the sensational in Denmark's landscapes.

They live full lives here in the dog days. I know not why, considering how little north of us Jutland is, its days should be, as they are, so emphatically longer than ours in midsummer. I have, on the Limfjord (latitude 57°) read the newspaper in my bedroom at

half past ten P.M. without the aid of a candle. While I read, the villagers played skittles in the alley under my window; and beyond the hoary chestnut-trees of the garden (with clots of starlings on their bare top boughs) the sky was still crimson and gold in the west, with the long woolly lines of vapor only just beginning to swathe the land like a blanket. On the other side of the inn the traffic was as vigorous then as at noonday. Carriers' carts creaked up to the door and dray-loads of squeaking pigs made other music than the lark's. Double chaises, with cushions of red or green velvet, and half-a-dozen happy villagers to each (the men all with great china-bowled pipes in their mouths) swung lazily by, raising a dust. And the lowing of troubled cows and calves came as much from the road as from the illimitable meadow beyond, attached to the historic old manor-house (now a mere dairy farm), whose buildings were quite concealed by the tall trees that girdle them. The inn damsels, sewing-girls, kitchenmaids, the daughters of the house, and a friend or two had now set aside all the cares of the day, and were rolling each other about on the dewy grass under the chestnut-trees like so many lambskins. Little they cared for Prim Propriety, with the pursed lip and the demure eye. And the landlady with the immeasurable waist, who by day held all the maids leashed to their respective tasks with inflexible yet not unkind severity, stood in the doorway, with her fat beringed fingers in her yielding sides, and disturbed the starlings periodically with her stentorian peals of laughter at the antics of her dependants. Yet at five o'clock the next morning, with her own Rhadamanthine hand, she will pull the bell-rope that shall awaken each lass; and by six the establishment will be again in a normal state of activity. As for the worthy landlord, he is haymaking until 11 P.M., and it will be odd if he is not up before his dame wakes every soul in the house with her call-bell.

This, be it understood, was ten miles from a railway station. Not that the

train makes so much difference in Denmark. It does not, as with us, carry with it, wherever it appears, sentence of death to the old picturesque order of things. No, indeed. I have frequently spent four hours in it in the effort to cover forty miles. The railway here is a State concern, and it is just for all the world as if the State said to itself: "I love my few children so dearly, and they are so indispensable as taxpayers, that I will never, never risk their precious lives in my trains. Besides, coal is so terribly expensive in Denmark, and after all it does not matter much to the majority of my people whether they travel at ten miles an hour or thirty." I met an agreeable young butter merchant from England in one of the towns, who told me he did all his journeying in Denmark on a cycle. It saved his time, to say nothing of his temper. The Danes who heard this avowal were not humiliated. They merely smiled in the courteous Danish way and pleaded guilty; nor did they anathematize the State. And yet they were town Danes, living within sound of the bells of a cathedral nearly a thousand years old, and with two daily papers of their very own to stimulate their activities. There was a town with all the ordinary appliances and institutions of a high state of civilization, including telephones and electric bells to its bettermost houses, and with a charming pleasure-wood in which was a "café chantant" where, in 1895, that sublime song "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay," sung to accompaniments from divers lands, created a riot of enthusiasm. Yet it had not inspired them with a yearning to move fast through life.

I like all the Danes, from the professionalists, as they are called, to the stolid little country children who "cap" so assiduously to the stranger man. But with this proviso: that they have not adulterated their native character with too much of the tincture of cosmopolitanism. The American Dane is often a highly displeasing specimen of a man. He has assimilated perforce much of the vulgarity and dollar-wor-

ship so common across the Atlantic, and he openly despises his untravelled compatriots for their simplicity and contentment in that state of life in which circumstance and their own want of enterprise have fixed them. The genuine Dane would, I believe, die rather than cheat his fellow-man, and especially a stranger. But your emigrant Dane, home for a holiday from Iowa or Minnesota, or, worse still, returned as incapable, is quite another pair of shoes. Withal, if English traders in Danish butter and meat and English importers of cycles to this excellent cycling country may be believed, in all honest dealing the Danish trader is as keen for his own interests as he ought to be for the sake of his self-respect.

"We are not rich here in Denmark," said to me a stalwart farmer who had been coaxed into my room at a wayside inn merely because he had a little English; "but we do not spend much." He and his household (a large one) ate margarine. All his butter went to England. His pleasures at the inn of an evening were not of the costly kind: a penny cup of coffee or a three-halfpenny bottle of lager beer, with perhaps a cigar at five for twopence. He disabused my mind of the idea that his country is lightly taxed, and that it knows next to nothing of trials like ours under the Poor Laws. I was sorry to hear, moreover, that there are wicked old men in Denmark who assign their property to their children and play the pauper, throwing themselves upon their native parish, which is then bound to maintain them. They cannot be numerous, however. And the same may be said of the privileged estates of certain notorious individuals, which pay nothing towards the burdens of the State. The Dane loves fair treatment, and he would feel more affection for good (if despotic) King Christian the Ninth if he would remedy these undeniable grievances.

As may be supposed, they are not bigotedly religious in Denmark. In my ramblings in Jutland I came across many parish priests who from their

talk and dress were no way recognizable as such. At Rold, near one of the most beautiful Norwegian pine woods imaginable, I hobnobbed with one in the village inn. He drank brandy and soda, and so did I. He cycled and so did I. It was my cycle that attracted him towards me, he said, and I was fain to let him try it before a small group of his parishioners. Afterwards I mentioned the church and my desire to see it. Then it was that he proclaimed his calling with a smile, and said there was nothing in it except pews and a spittoon or two. The parish priest in Denmark is not highly paid. But no man need have less work on his hands.

At Thorsager, where there is the best-preserved round church in the land, one Sunday afternoon I chanced to reach the churchyard, on visitation bent, when the priest, in his picturesque white ruff, was dismissing his flock at the porch. Evidently there was the utmost good feeling between him and his people. One and all they turned towards me with astonished eyes; the place is so remote and the foreigner such a rarity. But in a moment the minister regained his presence of mind. With the civility that is seldom wanting in the Dane, he suggested briefly to his open-mouthed rustics that they would do well to go home, and then offered me his services. He showed me the remarkable interior of his little church (some thirty-three paces by twenty), with its central dome supported on four red brick columns, and reminded me of its age and the pagan worship that here preceded it, and then regretted that he could do no more. But Thorsager's hospitality did not end here. From the church I was constrained to enter a neighboring house, consume coffee and cakes, and hold a sort of formal reception that was, I imagine, hurriedly arranged. The number of hands I shook in that half hour was surprising. This sort of thing irks an Englishman, but I could not avoid it. Subsequently, much against my wishes, I was given, for guidance and companionship, a heavy young farmer who happened to be going

to the village, four miles away, that was my next stage in the day's pleasure. The poor fellow was as nervous as I was dissatisfied. We were both, I am sure, glad when those four miles were covered.

The Dane is often as proud as he is hospitable. You must not slight his well-meant courtesies, or deny him the pleasure of a little self-sacrifice. Many times, in my jaunts, I called at houses for a drink of anything; and in no single case was I permitted to pay aught in requital. One little girl, between Mariager and Randers, who brought to the door a large two-handled mug of herb ale, was extraordinarily huffed when I offered her a coin as well as my best thanks and smiles. Twice she cried "Ingenting!" and then (I really believe with the beginning of tears in her eyes) she shut the door upon me. This reminds me also of a bright little boy of twelve or so, whose pipe I filled from my pouch during a railway journey from Aarhus. I did it surreptitiously; he had set the thing aside to exchange hilarious salutations with some gaily dressed girls in the next car. It took him a minute or two to solve the riddle, but the tell-tale face of an old woman in the carriage eventually enlightened him. At the time he said nothing. He puffed the tobacco (they smoke almost from the cradle in Denmark), and seemed to like it. Later he drew forth a neat little gilt case, holding one cigar, and when he left the carriage he lifted his cap in the prettiest way and offered me the cigar, with an imperative "*Vær saa god*" ("Be so good"). I had no alternative but to take it. Yet when I smoked it (in his honor) I found it scarcely worthy of so well-mannered and high-spirited a lad.

I had the good fortune to be in Denmark on that great festival, St. Hans' Day. It fell on a Sunday, which rather helped than hindered it. I am sorry to say I know nothing about St. Hans. There is, however, no doubt about the esteem in which his memory is held by the modern Danes. I was at an excellent hotel right in the north at the time,

with the Cattegat sands close to the door and the Cattegat breezes whistling lustily through my bedroom windows. "You are happy to have come here on St. Hans' Day," said one of the lady guests to me at the dinner table. "Why?" I asked. "Do not go early to bed to-night, and you will see," she replied. This, of course, was enough to excite curiosity, and so I amused myself, with some impatience, until the evening. The festivities were not to begin before the night had set in; and as it was midsummer that seemed to argue a very late function. Luckily, with the evening came clouds and a somewhat premature darkness. The streets of the little town grew populous, the inhabitants dividing into two main groups, one of which made for the wind-blown wood half a mile away, and the other drifting towards the heavy sands of the seashore. I threw in my lot with the former section at first, and duly reached a little platform erected among the trees, with green boughs and roses woven with the wood-work, and a couple of musicians, fiddlers both, on a dais. They were to dance here in the sylvan gloom; and dance they did to an extremely poor accompaniment for which I, at all events, got compensation in the romance of my surroundings. They danced in their walking clothes; the girls in such quaint mocks of the fashionable attire of Paris as had wandered so far north of France; and the youths in thick boots, and some with long pipes in their mouths. The gallantry was not overwhelming. Though a score or two of eager damsels sat or stood unpartnered, several male couples were to be seen moving heavily in the throng. The girls were not without self-consciousness, and the lads seemed none too exuberantly gay. But the fiddlers fiddled on, and the waning light shone through the trees on these celebrants of St. Hans' Day; and the vendors of lemonade and lager beer and gingerbread in the two little booths adjacent did a fair business. I wondered for how many centuries the forefathers of these honest Jutlanders had

celebrated such revels as these. Probably a thousand years ago somewhat similar caperings might have been seen in this same wood, or its progenitor, in honor of Odin, Freya, and Thor. The Danes of the Viking age, however, poured other libations than these. One may judge of that from the enormous horn drinking-vessels of their time which decorate the Copenhagen museum.

This dancing in the wood was too stiff and spiritless an entertainment to be long endured. I left the revellers to themselves, and in a drizzle of rain made my way to the coast. A string of small bonfires was here burning, with little boys and girls going round and round them. Now and again the children would break order, and either crawl smartly through the flames or leap them one after the other. The oldsters of the village stood at a little distance on the coast sand-heaps, watching this resuscitation of their own childish enthusiasms. I went from fire to fire, crushing under foot, by the way, a deal of nasty fish refuse, cast out from the red-roofed cottages on the sea-board, and cast up by the perturbed Cattegat. Anon I came to a towering arrangement of tar barrels, about the base of which several gentlemen were besmearing shavings and other combustible matter, talking volubly the while. Near at hand was a new shed adorned with flags. Inside it a table was laid with plates and spoons; a huge bowl of strawberries was in the middle of the table, also a beaker of such thick cream as, I think, one does not see out of Denmark. There were further several bottles labelled "Sherry Wine;" and bouquets of field flowers and five lighted (and guttering) candles gave brightness to the scene. An officious young gentleman played sentinel to this desirable chamber and kept aloof the humble, small villagers. These were allowed to do no more than peep in, exclaim "Oh!" in admiration, and make room for others. When the tar barrels had been coaxed to burn, and their flames had lighted up the faces of the entire community as-

sembled in the neighborhood, I accepted an invitation to the strawberries. A score of ladies and gentlemen thus feasted. We drank each other's health in the sherry wine, agreed that the barrels had burned well, and towards half past eleven went home cheerfully to our beds. Thus ended St. Hans' Day, the mystery whereof is still a mystery to me. I leave it to others to say exactly what part of its ceremonies are pagan, and what part a modern graft upon inherited tradition.

I am afraid the Dane does not respect his parish church over much. His conduct in it on a week-day would often shock an English vicar very greatly. I have caught a bevy of damsels frolicking in the village place of worship as if it were a certificated home for hide-and-seek. The workman engaged in restoration takes neither the hat from his head nor the pipe from his mouth when he carries material from the churchyard into the church aisle. And in the matter of cleanliness I would far sooner trust a Danish attic than the ordinary Danish church.

The church here seems by no means to have a very intimate hold upon the affections of the people. I say "seems" because it were arrogant indeed for a stranger to build strong conclusions on such a subject on his mere impressions. Be that as it may. At any rate, they do not anywhere in Jutland turn their churches into laundries and hotels as they quite lately did in Iceland. On the contrary, it is not easy to get inside them on a week-day unless you hit upon the weather-beaten dame with the black kerchief about her head, whose office it is to tend the graves and clean up every Saturday. Twice I invaded the sacred buildings in an unpardonable way. Once with results that might have hurt my nervous system had this been weaker than it is. On this occasion I got in by a dismal charnel-house that connected feebly with the churchyard. I found myself among a cumber of immense wooden coffins with tarnished plates to them, and a garniture of mouldered wooden angels and cherubs on their lids. There were

bones too, of course. But the worst thing of all happened in my gropings towards the door which, I surmised, led into the church. I accidentally knocked off the lid of a small coffin, and therein, by match-light, I beheld the stark little form of a child five or six years old, with its withered little fingers folded pathetically upon its breast. Its skin was like leather, and, save for its eyes, it was as well preserved as a catholic saint embalmed for periodical exhibition. Judging from its neighbor dead, this little one may have been immured a century or more ago. This church was near the west coast; perhaps the North Sea air has preservative qualities. Elsewhere I struck upon other of these sepulchral crypts much less tolerable.

We in England have, speaking generally, two kinds of churches: the spired and the towered. In the country parts of Denmark they seem to have but one: the saddleback-towered. The genius whitewash rules all the churches. They gaze at the traveller from the roadside, or from their windy perches on the low hill-tops, with an effect that is almost eerie in the twilight. Architectural charm they have very little indeed. If they have a Norman window or porch (and many of them have), this is nearly sure to have been maltreated by a modern mason; the whitewash over all finishes the mason's brutality. For the most part they are half granite and half brick; the nave and aisles (where these exist) of granite, the tower of brick. But granite or brick, the whitewasher has, in nine cases out of ten, colored them all white. Their appearance is, however, improved by the red tiles to the tower's saddle, sometimes to the entire roof. And they are often quite saved from obloquy by the beauty and order of the little churchyards (rose-gardens, these might be called) which encompass them.

Inside, the churches are now as prim as the Lutheran heart can desire. But there are relics enough to be found of the times previous to Luther. Fine wooden altar-pieces are common; so

are grotesque sixteenth-century carved pulpits; and in one church (that of Saltum in the Hjørring division) you may see, set on shelves by the wall, a collection of stone and wooden effigies which tell very forcibly of the change this church has undergone. There are few, indeed, of such stately monuments as inspired a stanza or two of Gray's "Elegy," and are a glory of our village churches. Putting Roeskilde, Odense, and Sorø out of count (as royal burial-places), the one impressive example of this kind in my experience is the church of Oland, in the Limfjord. Here the great house of Levetzau, which provided royal counsellors and generals for the kings of Norway and Denmark, is memorialized in plenty of white marble. But the manor of Oland has now passed from the Levetzau family, and for about a hundred years none of its members have been buried here. This church, however, like many in Jutland, has kept many morsels of its Catholic past. One may reverence or jibe at them according to one's turn of mind. As a whole, the country churches of the land are disappointing. They are pleasant little studies in white and scarlet, and they break the fearful uniformity of some of the moorland ridges, and that is the best that can be said of them.

One picturesque feature of Jutland life must not be forgotten. In this country, where the railway system is but imperfectly developed, they are dependent in the rural districts upon the travelling bagman much as they were long ago. He is, however, called a *handelsmand*, or merchant, which seems to give him considerable dignity. In summer he may be met on all the roads in a stout cart drawn by two horses, and with a number of colossal wicker cases behind him containing his goods. He is, as may be imagined, an interesting personage when he can be persuaded to unbend from the subject of samples; and knows the people he visits probably better even than the different parish priests.

These gentlemen in summer appear to lead an unresting life. Twice in vil-

lage inns I was awakened in the very smallest hours by the noise of their wheels outside and their heavy tread up-stairs to bed. And once, at midday, I returned to my room in another inn, to find a hale young *handelsmand* in his clothes, buried beneath one of the awful thick down beds that as a rule do duty here in winter only. They did not apologize for the liberty they had taken when I asked for information about the intruder. The Danish country inn is a very free and easy institution. You must take what accommodation is given you and be thankful; confident only on one point, that you will never be robbed or overcharged. This young bagman had been travelling all through the night, and he craved a little noontide rest. The thermometer in my room was about 73°. One would have thought he wished to be reduced to a state of liquefaction. But in due time he came down-stairs, infinitely refreshed, was as polite in his regrets to me as if he had been bred at a court, and the ostler was forthwith bidden to put his horses once more into the shafts.

The ordinary frequenters of these inns are not of so genteel a class. Some of them have very red noses, as well as uncomely, leather-like ears standing as straight from their heads as a long course of pressure from their caps or hats has ensured. They keep to the common-room, however. Not for them is the inner chamber, with its mirrors and a couch. Still less are they entitled to invade the innermost apartment of all, a room often quite startling in the magnificence of its velvet and gilding, with photograph albums and worked footstools, and on the walls the very best German prints to be obtained from the itinerant merchants. This last is the family state-room, for use on Sundays and festivals. It does not bear what one may term a homely look, and for all its splendor it is likely to be the least clean room in the house. The village tipplers and gossips are confined to the large room provided with a bar. Here they exchange remarks with the innkeeper and his assistants, drink

cognac at two glasses for three-half-pence, read the paper, and fill up all their unoccupied moments by throwing dice. Throughout the land you will invariably find several leather cups in these inn common-rooms and the cafés. Even as in large hotels the guests help digestion after a table d'hôte dinner with the little numbered cubes of bone, so in the humble *kro*, or public house, you may expect to hear the animated cry of the man who has twice in succession thrown sixes against his opponent. Not that the Dane is a gambler. He plays, more often by far than not, for love or diversion pure and simple. And while he plays, like as not, he will hum the tune of either "After the Ball," "Daisy Bell," or the other latest melody imported from England. Our popular songs seem to suit him to a marvel, just as his butter finds a convenient home with us.

In physique the average Dane satisfies the eye, even if this be a trifle critical. He is a broad-shouldered fellow, and gives the impression of being stronger than he knows. Compulsory military service does him good. He may grumble at it (as who would not?), but he admits that there is something to be said in its favor. Besides, however improbable it may seem to the rest of us, he thinks there is always the possibility of the time coming when the Schleswig-Holstein "snatching" will have to be reconsidered. Germany is not loved in Denmark. The Dane thinks it impudent of the writers of the geography manuals to call the North Sea the German Ocean. It is too gross an inference. Of itself, this might be taken as an incentive to the land-grabbing southerners to plot for the annexation, sooner or later, of the whole of Jutland, to the very sandbank at the head of the Skaw. For these and other reasons the Dane submits fairly to his military training. Somehow though, for all his stalwart build and ruddy complexion, I cannot think these cousins of ours are long lived. The graves in the churchyard support me in my belief. Octogenarians appear to be much less common than

with us, even allowing for our larger population. I know not what to blame for this, unless it be the awkward winters, which are more severe than ours and less dry than those of Sweden. The cold, sloppy weather of a Danish January, after three or four feet of snow have fallen, is inimitably unpleasant. Hot houses do not reconcile to it. These, in fact, are aids to constitutional mischief; and, though it may excite laughter to say so, for my part I believe the Dane would live longer if he had longer beds, broad enough moreover to roll about in. The ordinary Dane is condemned to spend all his nights on an area of feathers or wool no greater than he would get in a ship's cabin. Perhaps, too, he smokes a little in excess, tempted to do so by the cheapness of the bad cigars which may be bought wherever there is the semblance of a shop.

The finest Danes are to be seen at the railway stations. They are nothing in the world but officials, though State officials. The majority of them, however, I am told, are retired military men. They show this in their deportment. As they bustle about, rather pompously, with papers in their hands concerned only with the transport of twopenny-halfpenny goods, or with the arrival of one train and the despatch of another, you would think they had grave national cares on their shoulders. Buckle swords to their hips and give them cocked hats and you would turn them at once into so many good-looking field-m Marshals. And the most imposing of them all is the gentleman with the red band to his cap, whose duties appear mainly to consist in giving five pulls to the resonant bell-clapper which informs the engine-driver that he can put spurs to his tardy steed, and stroll away to the next halting-place. He is the station-master, a personage to be revered. His exterior is second only in grandeur to that of the common postmen who meet the trains for the mails, and wear scarlet.

In conclusion, the Danish ladies demand a paragraph or two. They are, of course, heterogeneous, seducing,

disappointing, and adorable as the ladies elsewhere. I scarcely know if they form a national type of very clear individuality. The most winsome of them are English in their ways up to a certain point, though they have not the elasticity of movement that an athletic training gives to our girls. Their features appeal to an Englishman; he seems to see in their clear complexions, light hair, and grey or blue eyes, something more than the glimmering of a personal relationship. They are, moreover, or certainly seem, delightfully spontaneous and fresh. The curse of *mauvaise honte* knows them not. This, too, although at heart they are excessively sentimental, and by culture in very many cases devotees of Ibsen. One would expect such an alliance to produce in them much psychological distress. But I fancy their hearts are still sounder than their heads; they would forgive (though, perhaps, with a pang) where Ibsen's iron-conscience heroine would exclaim to her husband of about two years' standing: "I have been deceived in you. You are not nearly perfect, and therefore we must part. Farewell!" The time may come when they will, as a class, be educated up to the sublime pitch of selfishness (miscalled self-respect) apotheosised in certain modern plays and novels; but it will not come easily.

I do not so much care for the official and agricultural women of Denmark. One finds the former in business houses, railway-stations and post-offices. They seem so dreadfully in earnest, as if the machinery of civilization were ten times as important as it is. This gives them at least a veneer of hardness, both in speech and face. Probably the same may be said of our own professional girls, but I think with less truth. As for the tens of thousands of farmers' wives and daughters, they seem remarkable for their plumpness (I would not hurt their feelings by going further) and limited range of ideas. Denmark is a slow country. This is shown in no way more emphatically than in the unvarying routine of life with the majority of its people. As children, the

country Danes, boys or girls, seem content to sit for hours watching a sheep and a lamb (tethered so that unnatural strife is the frequent result) eat grass, or a cow crop clover heads. Grown up, they are consecrated body, and almost soul, to the raising of produce. In summer, when they might enlarge their minds by holiday trips to towns, they are at work for the most part from very early morn to dewy eve. Winter, with its deep snows, fogs and thaws, as well as frosts, tends to keep them isolated. The few ideas they have to exchange beget feeble aspirations. Only the most vigorous of the country youths revolt against these inevitable conditions of life, and stimulate themselves with the word "America!" One can understand something of the half-pitying contempt with which the expatriated Dane returns to his kinsfolk and acquaintance for a spell, from that great land to which years ago he carried all the reserve of energy and ambition left untouched (and unquickened) by the dull, hard round of Jutland existence. The homeland still has its silken cords about his heart. He even looks forward to it as a retreat in his old age. But he would not for anything condemn his children to begin their careers in it.

It is just this soothing slowness of life in Denmark, however, that makes it so piquant and restful a land of temporary sojourn for the metropolitan pilgrim.

From Good Words.
THE LOST AMBASSADOR.

BY MARGARET HOWITT.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

On Thursday, November 30, 1809, the commandant of Perleberg, by order of the Prussian government, issued a proclamation for a public search for the missing merchant, Koch; with a reward of ten thaler (thirty shillings!) to whomsoever should produce him dead or alive.

In consequence of this official proclamation, citizens, peasants, foresters,

huntsmen, scoured the country with dogs, with poles, and with pikes. All the barns, the hedges and ditches, and the forest-lands, were searched. The waters of the river Stepenitz were let off, and the dry bed was explored step by step. Bailie Phutzenreuter and his three colleagues were equally assiduous within the walls of the town. They hunted in the houses, and in the gardens. They made a special point of carefully visiting every public place of resort, where Augustus Schmidt had ever drank or danced. They pried into every hole and corner of the post-house. They had every chest and box opened, and every loose plank lifted with crowbars. They were just as sedulous and minute in their inspection of every disreputable house. They had all the drains and open wells dragged; but not a vestige of the missing merchant was ever discovered; and that notwithstanding the town-crier having made known by voice and by bell the government reward of ten thaler, which it seems was regarded as a tempting bait in those frugal days.

On December 9, when these manifold searches had proved futile, the magistrates were officially informed that the travelling companion to Koch, the merchant, was desirous to continue his journey on the following morning, and as he had made important disclosures regarding the missing man, they were to accede to his request. What these disclosures were never publicly transpired. A new passport is given him under the fresh alias of "Kaufmann Krüger," with which, instead of continuing the journey to Hamburg, he proceeds to Berlin, and there vanishes as totally as Bathurst himself. No one, it is asserted, on this ill-fated journey, ever knew his real name. At the same time, Hilbert takes himself off.

Ten days later a single woman of the lower class, named Wiede, gathering sticks in the Quicksowshe pine wood near the beech forest marking the frontier of Westphalia, saw a something lying in a thick fir plantation, which she at first mistook for a cast-off garment of a beggar. But on turning it

over with her foot, found it to be a pair of excellent grey trousers, drenched with rain and snow. Then it struck her that they might actually have belonged to the missing stranger. She called her companion, Grundman, the wife of a Perleberg cobbler, and they lifted up the garment, which had been stretched out at full length on the ground; and they found in one pocket a letter saturated with wet. Startled by the discovery, they left off collecting firewood and returned to town. And after cobbler Grundman had taken a good look at the letter, which he thought he could read, but was mistaken, and at the pantaloons, Wiede conveyed them to Bailie Phutzenreuter, and received for herself and her companion, two Friedrich d'or and two thaler, a larger sum than the ten thaler offered for the recovery of the missing man's body.

A second search was now officially commanded, to be made in the Quick-sowshe wood, and the region roundabout; all the peasantry in the district joining in it, but again without result. The trousers had been pierced by two balls. Experts, however, proved that it must have been done when the garment was not on the person of the wearer, and before being laid out on the ground; and there were no marks where it had been found to lead to the conclusion that a murder or any act of violence had been there committed.

Only one thing was certain. The letter found in the pocket was addressed to Mrs. Benjamin Bathurst. It reached England together with all the other papers of the missing ambassador. Besides matters of a private nature, the writer says: "I am beset on all sides by great dangers, and may never live to return home." How touchingly true was the sad augury!

In England, the widow and other relatives were attired in deep mourning for Mr. Bathurst, when the following fabrication, under the heading, "London, January 6," appeared in the supplement of the *Hamburg Correspondent* of January 23, 1810: "Sir Bathurst (this was the first time that the name of the

missing man had ever oozed out from an official or semi-official source), the English ambassador to the Court of Austria, whom a Berlin paper of December 10 stated had destroyed himself in an access of madness, is alive and well both in body and mind. His friends have received letters from him of December 15, consequently of a later date than his supposed death.

The *Times* newspaper, with its wonted penetration, remarks in the same month of January, 1810: "The facts of Mr. Bathurst's death or disappearance cast suspicion on the French government. He took the Hamburg route, intending thence to return to England, but he did not reach Hamburg. It is supposed that he was carried off by a small detachment of French soldiers at a frontier town of Westphalia. No one knows positively what then became of him. Those who remember the kidnapping and robbery of the king's messenger, Wagstaff, almost on the identical spot, and the carrying off of Sir George Rumbold¹ near Hamburg, may easily arrive at the source of the fresh crime."

This article in the *Times*² was answered by the wily emperor with the following false statement in his official organ, the *Moniteur*: "It is evident by the report from Berlin that Mr. Bathurst was insane. It is the custom of the British Cabinet to select persons distinguished for their folly or madness for diplomatic missions. Instances of

¹ Sir George Rumbold our agent at Hamburg, was particularly hated by Napoleon, who made a sudden dash at him, as he had done earlier at the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien. Although Hamburg was a free and independent city, the emperor had Sir George seized in the dead of the night (Oct. 25, 1804) by a detachment of French soldiers, conveyed to Hanover, thence to Paris, where he was thrown into the Temple. Nothing to criminate the prisoner being found in his papers, and his lawless arrest causing great indignation in Europe, he was liberated at the intercession of Prussia, and allowed to return to England, but not to Hamburg.

² We can unfortunately, only give the substance of the statement in the *Times*, and the reply in the *Moniteur*, as they are taken from a translation that appeared in the *Hamburg Correspondent* (No. 21, Feb. 6, 1810.)

mental aberration exist solely in the English diplomatic corps."

Bonaparte thus proclaims it his supreme will that Mr. Bathurst should be regarded as a lunatic. An assertion which he followed up by addressing a letter to Mrs. Bathurst at the end of March, 1810. He assured her that he was totally ignorant of the circumstances which had led to the disappearance of her husband; and to satisfy her of his sincerity, and that she might discover the real author of the crime, if such it were, he gave her and her brothers passports to Perleberg, in which they were described as the relatives of a suicide. Mrs. Bathurst's persistent belief in Napoleon's honesty of purpose, and the cruel stress of circumstances, led her to submit to this bold and arbitrary assumption. A very absurd assertion it was, forsooth, for had our ambassador been a *felo de se*, he was no magician to spirit away his mortal remains. They must have witnessed to the awful truth. How little the bearers of these lying passports acquiesced in the fable thrust upon them, is proved by the fact of their causing, after their arrival in Perleberg, the arrest on April 7, 1810, of Augustus Schmidt and some suspicious associates on the charge of murder. A judicial commission tried the case in Perleberg for more than a year, Augustus Schmidt dying in the meantime in prison, without their arriving at any verdict.

From the moment that the startling news of Mr. Bathurst's disappearance had reached England, his relatives had taken active measures to obtain some clue. Already at the end of December, 1809, in those days of tumult and difficult communication, a stranger had arrived at Perleberg, and who, preserving his *incognito*, had in the name of the family of the missing man, personally thanked and remunerated the indefatigable bailles, and doubtless Wiede and Grundman, as well as the town constables. This representative of the Bathursts happened to be Röntchen, a well-known African traveller, who, on arriving in England

from his native Prussia, had made their acquaintance, and at their expense had retraced his steps to Germany to investigate the mystery. It would be interesting to know the story he took back with him to England. Having completed the bootless mission, he immediately embarked for Africa, and in trying to reach Timbuctoo met with his own death in as dark a manner as that of Mr. Bathurst.

On March 19, 1810, a member of the Bathurst family, also preserving his *incognito* had arrived in Perleberg, and offered a reward, this time of five hundred thaler, to any one who could find the body or give certain information regarding the disappearance.

But neither this offer, nor the money which Mrs. Bathurst and her brothers distributed with lavish hands, produced any result. The sojourn of the wealthy distinguished foreigners caused much sensation and gossip in the small town. Mrs. Bathurst, an accomplished equestrian, was constantly on horseback, attended by a number of dogs; and thus furnished an unusual spectacle in Perleberg, whose female inhabitants were never seen in the saddle. She had doubtless the dogs for safety, and rode for the same reason.

On July 10, she thus sallied forth at noon, her dogs following her, through one of the town gates, which, like those of so many other German towns, had cells in the tower above for the safe detention of criminals. A female prisoner looking forth through her grating was then told by the gaoler (who had probably just brought her dinner): "It was the poor young lady riding along, who was in such dire distress about her missing husband." Whereupon the woman hinted that "she herself might have it in her power to convey important information about the lost husband."

This prisoner, named Hacker, was the wife of a disreputable individual, and she herself was confined for swindling. They had up to the end of November of the previous year, dwelt at the end of the Quergasse by the river. Three days after the disappearance of

Mr. Bathurst, and before the domiciliary visits ordered by government, they had suddenly quitted Perleberg, with all their belongings, had gone to Holstein and there bought a farm. These suspicious circumstances, added to the hint thrown out by the woman to the gaoler, induced Bailie Phutzenreuter and his colleagues to have Frau Hacker brought before the magistrates.

Her very circumstantial evidence was as follows: "Just before Christmas she had left her new home in Holstein to return by way of Hamburg to Perleberg. On reaching Seeberg, she had put up at the inn for the night, and there had stepped out of the ballroom the well-born shoemaker's apprentice Goldberger, a young man about twenty-five, whom she had known intimately at Perleberg. He was much better dressed than she had ever seen him before. He wore a hair-chain that hung from a watch pocket to which was attached a gold key, seal and the like. Also his silk netted purse was heavy with Prussian louis d'or."

It is worth remarking *en passant*, that Mr. Bathurst had with him the hair of his wife and of their two little daughters braided together in a locket, and two watches, his credentials, a snuff-box set with diamonds, and a few pieces of gold.

"When Frau Hacker questioned Goldberger how he had become possessed of so much wealth, he answered: 'I came here when the English stranger was struck dead; and I received the watch and five hundred thaler for not peaching.' If any one doubts my assertions," continued the prisoner energetically, "let him question the landlady at Seeberg. She was standing at the door of the parlor and in part heard our talk. But when I learnt in Perleberg from my sister Catherine Brännig the frightful story (the hypocrite had known it all along), and related to her what Goldberger had said, she had cried: 'Don't speak of it! don't repeat it. He has deceived you!'" Hacker proceeded to say: "Goldberger had never told her how, when, or where the Englishman was

murdered. But the court could easily procure Goldberger and examine him. She remembered his telling her 'there was a name on the seal, which he had altered in Hamburg.' She swore to having told the whole truth and nothing but the truth: and that for the sole motive of helping the unhappy young lady; that the relatives of the deceased might proceed with the inquiry if they wished; as for herself, her present revelation had caused her many a qualm."

The bailies having warned the bench that the witness was an incorrigible liar and swindler, the magistrates came to the conviction that Hacker's evidence was not worth a straw; whereupon the woman, with impudent audacity, wheeled round, declaring their worships to be perfectly correct in their surmise, she had simply hoaxed them in the chance of getting out of prison.

No one could refuse to believe Frau Hacker's asseverations that she had been lying; but almost every lie possesses some grain of truth. Impostors of her stamp do not spin their webs out of pure fiction, but some gossamer thread of fact. It seems a pity, therefore, that Goldberger, who was a real individual, was not legally examined.

Amongst the numerous conjectures rife at the time of our envoy's disappearance, we find in the *Hamburg Correspondent* of January 23, 1810, the following: "We have heard it surmised that, being in possession of an oral secret, he was entrapped into some house by the French secret police; that it was wrenched from him by torture, and he was ultimately allowed to escape on oath never to divulge the aggression and never to return to his home."

Such mere guesses at truth served to engender the fables of Mr. Bathurst living *incognito* in India, even in England, of his having been recognized in the guise of a pilgrim in Jerusalem after thirty years spent as a carpenter.

But he was gifted with too high a sense of honor ever to have bound himself by a secret oath. He would rather have died than betrayed his trust by

divulging the secret of his mission; and he of all men would have been the last to leave his important despatches to the mercies of a foreign secretary and valet. Even supposing he had fled in a panic, what would have prevented his revealing himself when in safety, and when he had learnt the fact of all his private papers having arrived intact in London at the Foreign Office.

He had a brilliant career before him. He might have aspired to the highest embassies or a post in the administration. He had a cherished wife and two lovely children. He had a fortune, which remained unclaimed. Would he have forsaken all these earthly blessings, and wilfully, persistently tortured those he loved, to lead a life of niggardly privation or even of romance and adventure?

About the year 1830, there was found in a long-abandoned marl-pit, overgrown with bushes, near Perleberg, a human skeleton. It was that of a very tall man, and, according to the opinion of a surgeon, must have lain there some thirty years. An English officer deeply attached to the Bathurst family, and absorbingly interested in solving the fate of its missing member, determined to encounter all risks and all costs to procure that skeleton; and, to quote his own written statement, if able to identify it "as having been part and parcel of what was once one of the noblest, handsomest and most talented of human beings, to restore it to those to whom it belonged; and after Christian burial rite, place it in that vault wherein repose his honored parents."

This generous, chivalrous resolve was, however, frustrated by the information that the skeleton had no connection with his much-mourned friend, but was rather that of another individual missing about the same date. Indeed, had it been secreted in the marl-pit before the great searching under government authority, it could scarcely have escaped detection.

In making recent inquiries, in order to bring the much-vexed question up to present date, I have been favored with the following intelligence. A German

noble, who of recent years held a post of great authority in Perleberg, considers that Mr. Bathurst, after leaving the commandant's habitation, was undoubtedly murdered by French agents in a low inn near the Post. He gives this as the belief of past generations of Perlebergers; although he expressly adds that no proofs to substantiate this popular belief have ever been forthcoming. On the other hand, a scholar of high rank assures me that he has read a declaration, but cannot recall how or where, that Mr. Bathurst was privately tried by a French court-martial in Brunswick, and there executed.

Thus, with research and affection both baffled in every attempt to solve the dark mystery, the disappearance of an English ambassador, which is a fact belonging to history and the world, remains, and probably will ever remain, an inscrutable enigma.

The feeling of melancholy roused by the fell doom of Mr. Bathurst becomes intensified, when we remember that but a few years later his young, beautiful and accomplished daughter, Nora, was drowned with her horse in the waters of the Tiber near Ponte Molle at Rome; and that she lies buried against one of the ivy-clad towers of the Aurellan wall, near to the much-frequented grave containing the ashes of the heart of Shelley, in the Protestant Cemetery of the Eternal City.

From Temple Bar.

JOHANNESBURG THE GOLDEN.

In the chilly light of early morning I am awakened from an uneasy doze by the window of the railway carriage being let down with a bang, and the voice of my husband exclaiming, "Wake up, and come and look at the mines! We are getting close to Johannesburg."

The prospect of speedy release from the stuffy little carriage that has held me prisoner for the last two days and nights assists me to achieve a hurried

and decidedly superficial toilet, and soon I also cram my head out of the window, to gaze at the new world opening before me. After the seemingly endless dead level of monotonous veldt, with here and there in the far distance the low, whitewashed cottage of some Boar farmer twinkling in the hot sun, with never a tree or flower on the barren grey-brown flats to relieve the weary eye, as hundred after hundred of miles are slowly traversed on the way up, the sight that now bursts upon me appears doubly strange.

As far as the horizon, tall iron chimneys rise on all sides, with thick smoke pouring from their mouths; great mounds of whitish-looking clay and high piles of intricate machinery, all dotted over with small electric lamps, shining like glowworms in the misty dawning light, are crowded together as far as the eye can see, and as we slowly wind in and out of these wonderful suburbs, I notice little tin shanties, here and there in clumps, then perhaps in straggling lines, in which the greater part of the mining population live.

The noise is tremendous; all the machinery is in full work, for neither by night or day does it ever stop. Hooters are sending forth dismal wails, and the clang and crash of the ore, as it is thrown by the trucks that bring it from the mine below upon the huge heap awaiting the crushing process, resounds above the uproar.

As we get still closer to the city, however, the scene changes; beautiful houses appear, surrounded by gardens one blaze of color, and broad shady roads, lined with stately "blue-gum" trees, stretch away into the distance. A few minutes more, and we stop, thankfully alighting upon the narrow platform, and glad at last to be able to stretch our cramped limbs. We are certainly a very unwashed, untidy-looking crew; but then it must be allowed that a hot dusty journey of forty-eight hours is a trying ordeal, even to the most stoical individual.

The station gives me a distinct shock, for instead of the palatial edifice I had expected to see, there appears in front

of me a barn-like structure, composed of corrugated iron, to which all the passengers who are not arrivals for the first time are madly rushing, conveying in their arms as much of their personal luggage as they can possibly stagger under. We hastily follow suit, and, after a wearisome period of waiting, and a prolonged wrangle with a nondescript individual in a porter's jacket, who insists upon the smallest handbag being opened for his inspection—for this is the "Customs"—we are at length free to depart and search for the hotel beneath whose sheltering roof we may once more transform ourselves into respectable members of society.

Far easier said than done, however, for from pillar to post we are driven in a rickety Cape cart, drawn by two miserable screws, everywhere met by the same answer, "Not a room of any sort vacant." At last, we are taken in with an air of the greatest condescension by the largest hotel in the town, and installed in a tiny cubicle close under the roof (for this room alone, by the way, with board, we pay thirty-two guineas a month). The heat is already stifling, although it is quite early, and there is no room to move, let alone "swing a cat;" but, for all that, as some fellow-passengers come in, and are unceremoniously turned away, we feel thankful to have found a resting-place for our weary selves, of any description.

After a short sojourn in Johannesburg, many things that at first appear inexplicable to the new-comer become easy of comprehension; the utter independence, for instance, amounting in most cases to absolute incivility, of every person of the lower classes, whether white or colored, at first is astonishing; but when it is discovered that for every servant there are a dozen mistresses, ready and willing to give enormous wages for absolutely unskilled labor, and thankful to have any one at all to do the rough work of their houses for them, then the reason is sufficiently apparent.

The hotels treat all visitors with absolute indifference, and the charges

are exorbitant. There is no attendance to be had, except at meal times, and any complaint is of no avail whatever; there are always people waiting eagerly to come in directly a room is vacated, therefore it is no wonder that enormous sums are amassed, and that the lucky proprietors of these hotels retire after a few years' sojourn on the "Rand" with fortunes made.

The prices of most articles of consumption are high and, when there is a drought, which happens often for many months at a time, all market, garden, and farm produce fetches fabulous amounts. I have seen cabbages sold for ten shillings apiece, eggs are often eight-and-sixpence a dozen, and butter seven shillings a pound. These, it must be understood, are considered high prices, but are cheerfully paid by the wealthy portion of the population, which in most cases consists of men and women originally sprung from the humblest grades of life.

The want of water, however, can never reach the pitch again that it did six years ago, before the railway was an accomplished fact. Then the case of the inhabitants was grievous indeed, for the transport wagons were unable to bring provisions, owing to want of food for the oxen along the route, and the state of affairs closely resembled a siege. Condensed milk was sold at six shillings a tin, paraffin five pounds a small tin, and horses were turned loose in the streets by their owners to live if they could, no forage being procurable for love or money.

At the present time, no rain to speak of has fallen for nearly six months, and a very uncomfortable state of affairs prevails. The hotels cannot use the electric light, which is the usual illuminating agent of the town, owing to lack of water wherewith to work the engines, and dismal candles, stuck in empty beer bottles, send feeble glimmers at the ends of long corridors through the darkness, and ineffectually strive to illumine the wide hotel staircases. Baths are remembered as a luxury of bygone days, and business men in town are washing their hands before going

in to lunch, in soda-water at a shilling a bottle.

One extra-cleanly man of my acquaintance is surmounting the bath difficulty by having a morning tub of four bottles of soda-water carefully dribbled over him by a Kaffir boy, the while he rubs it in with a sponge; but, unfortunately, not all of us can afford four shillings a day for a bath. So badly off is the hotel for water, that I heard the haughty proprietor praying earnestly the happy owner of an adjacent well to sell him two barrels full, at a sovereign each, "to make the soup." One of the first impressions upon entering the town is wonder at the very "English" appearance of the buildings and population. Pritchard Street, the Bond Street of Johannesburg, conveys to the mind no feeling whatever of being in a foreign country; splendid shops line it on either side, mostly of the kind dear to the feminine soul; beautiful garments fresh from Paris are displayed in costly profusion in the windows, and well turned out Victorias, with coachmen and footmen in elaborate liveries, throng the roadway. There are restaurants, where any delicacy can be supplied; tea-shops, thronged at the fashionable hour in the afternoon with ladies and children beautifully dressed; huge jewellers' windows, blazing with costly gems—in short, everything that civilization can supply or demand is to be found here at a price.

In Commissioner Street the sight, in its way, is just as marvellous; thousands of business men rush hurriedly up and down the long street of stately buildings, talking always of stocks and shares, their faces betraying the intensity of their thoughts on this, the sole and all-absorbing topic of Johannesburg. "Between the chains"—about half-way down the street—is, on days when the market is booming, a fighting, yelling mass of humanity, each trying to outshout his neighbor. This place, being just outside the Stock Exchange, is the spot at which the outside brokers and small fry generally congregate. It consists of a small

street, leading out of Commissioner Street, with posts and chains across each end to prevent traffic. From nine in the morning until about six in the evening this pandemonium reigns, and then gives place to a stream of people on pleasure bent, wending their way to one of the theatres or music-halls.

The population is an exceedingly mixed one. In the course of a walk through one of the streets there will probably be encountered types of every race under the sun; and there abides here an enormous colony of the vilest and most depraved specimens of humanity possible to find: men who will not hesitate to rob and murder at the first opportunity—the riff-raff from every clime, gathered together in the noisome slums that abound on all sides.

Robbery with violence is of terribly frequent occurrence even at the present time, although the police are far better organized than they used to be, and there are very few men who do not carry a revolver in their pockets at night-time for protection. One gentleman, the manager of a mine just on the outskirts of the town, has been "stuck up," as he terms it, no less than four times within two years, and if he had not been in the habit of carrying a revolver, would assuredly have been murdered long ago.

The absence of any means of lighting the town at night, also, is certainly conducive to acts of violence. What can be thought of those responsible for such a state of affairs, when it is known for an absolute fact that, with the exception of the two principal streets already mentioned, Johannesburg, after night-fall, is left in utter darkness? Is not this putting a premium upon crime?

A drive on a fine afternoon through one of the suburbs, in which the wealthy people of Johannesburg dwell, is a delightful change from the dusty and arid business centre. On every side, seen through bowers of roses and vivid green hedges of honeysuckle, rise magnificent houses, some of them of enormous size, with ball-rooms and billiard-rooms adjoining the main

buildings. Fountains play on the fresh green lawns, beds of brilliant flowers and sweet scents are everywhere, and, seeing all this, it is almost impossible to realize that, less than five years ago, there existed a barren and stony waste of veldt on the very places upon which these fairy palaces of to-day arise.

Trees of all kinds grow with marvellous rapidity, and it is owing to this fact that the gardens and plantations present the matured effect of many years that is so astonishing.

"Society," as represented in Johannesburg, is of a decidedly unique description. Without doubt there are highly educated and altogether charming people among the residents, both men and women; but they belong, with few exceptions, to the professional classes—clergymen, physicians, and lawyers, who have left their native lands and come here, attracted by the prospect of a larger scope for the exercise of their various callings. The élite, the mine-owners, and original possessors of land—all millionaires many times over—taking them collectively, hardly display those qualities which "stamp the rank of Vere de Vere." The women are vulgar and illiterate, with dyed hair and artificial complexions; they wear outrageously loud toilettes, and are plastered with diamonds at all hours. Most of them are former members of theatrical touring companies, barmaids, or shopgirls, and they are to be seen all day long driving about the streets in their gorgeous carriages. The men are principally of the pronounced Hebrew type, loud in manners and dress, ostentatiously drinking champagne at a pound the bottle, at all hours of the day, and causing the beholder to reflect upon the quotation from the "Lady Slavey:" "Can I not do as I like? Am I not a millionaire?" The balls given by the élite are of the most sumptuous description; flowers for decoration are procured from all parts of Cape Colony, and many hundreds are spent over one evening's entertainment. The suppers comprise every delicacy that could be had in England—game, fish, etc., being sent out in the cool-air chambers of

the mail steamers for the purpose. The cost of a fancy ball, recently given, amounted to over three thousand pounds; a plush curtain, specially made, and used for the one evening to hide an unsightly archway, costing over a hundred and fifty pounds. It is impossible, unless possessed of considerable means, to live with comfort in a private house in Johannesburg; rents are in proportion to all other prices asked—enormous. It is difficult for white working-men engaged on the mines to obtain a single room in a tin shanty under a rental of four pounds a month at the very least, while a small villa of five rooms, built of corrugated iron, will easily let at twelve to fourteen pounds a month, and fifty, sixty, or a hundred pounds a month is cheerfully paid for a furnished house, such as one would obtain in England for three guineas a week at the seaside.

Servants' wages are also very high. A raw Kaffir girl will receive four pounds a month, knowing absolutely nothing, and speaking only Kaffir. A Cape—that is half-colored—girl, who can cook a little, will easily command six or seven pounds a month, while a white girl, respectable and honest, can ask almost any price if she will come as nurse or lady's maid, and will gladly be taught all her duties.

Johannesburg at the present time is an "El Dorado" for domestic servants; the wonder is that more are not enterprising enough to emigrate, and, by contrast with the wages paid at home, step at once into comparative affluence.

Although the Dutch element is all powerful where government offices are concerned, employing none but Dutchmen for the police, Post Office clerks, etc., and issuing all public notices in Dutch, yet of Johannesburg's population the Dutch average only about fifteen per cent. The slowness and stupidity of the officials in every department is constantly inveighed against in the local papers, but naturally, while "Oom Paul" reigns omnipotent, to little purpose.

The town is spreading daily, houses are being built in all directions, and

land goes up in price by leaps and bounds. A plot purchased for, say, a hundred and fifty pounds will, in three months' time, probably be worth double that amount.

By every train a crowd of new-comers flock to the town, and although there are dozens of hotels, large and small, and most of them are extending their premises, it is a matter of great difficulty to obtain a lodging. Business men, with offices in town, are constantly entreated by newly arrived acquaintances to allow them to sleep on the floor until they can find a place to take them in.

Very piteous is the case of many a youth, sent out from England with an elaborate outfit, but equipped with only the vaguest idea of how to obtain a livelihood, and probably cherishing the fond idea that gold is everywhere, and Johannesburg a new edition of "Tom Tiddler's ground."

Many a boy is only too glad, after a few months of disheartening attempts to obtain employment, with starvation staring him in the face, to accept the first work that offers itself. I know many instances of boys of twenty or thereabouts, sons of people at home in high positions, too proud to write asking for assistance, and working as barmen, waiters, night-porters at hotels, in fact, at anything that will provide them with a temporary shelter and food.

The town is overrun with them, poor lads, so badly equipped to battle with hard manual labor, when pitted against the competition of sturdy workmen of the Cornish type, of which there are many here, but manfully doing their utmost to avoid returning home, avowed failures.

In a word, Johannesburg, when the glamour that envelopes it to those who view it from afar off is dispelled, is a place that few who are not obliged would choose to live in permanently. The population is restless, unsettled and constantly changing, and that percentage of the inhabitants who cannot leave, exist in the hope of one day making their fortunes and going home.

The exceedingly primitive and insanitary domestic arrangements that prevail, the ever present and intensely irritating dust, the bad accommodation and high prices of the hotels, and the feverish, gambling existence led by rich and poor alike, combine to render the memory of Johannesburg to those lucky enough to have made their little pile, and taken flight for more congenial shores, an impression such as is left upon the brain by a troubled, feverish dream, from which the sleeper in the morning gladly awakes, thankfully contrasting the peaceful realities of the present with the unrestful phantoms of the past night.

E. H. S.

From *The Argosy*.

THE SELAMLİK.

Once a week the sultan goes to mosque in state. He does not always go to the same mosque; it is thought convenient to leave his movements in a little wholesome uncertainty, but the choice is allowed to be known on the morning of each Friday, and foreigners who can get a card from their ambassador are permitted to behold (from the little kiosk opposite the Hamidieh Mosque) the progress of the Commander of the Faithful.

Sometimes, statecraft is carried so far as to make delusive preparations along a route which the father of his people does *not* intend to take. The Hamidieh Jami is the mosque usually selected—it is but just outside the gates of the Yildiz Palace—and when this is the case, the strangers enjoy a full view of the spectacle. If a more distant mosque is selected, they must content themselves with seeing the sultan pass by. We were fortunate enough to light upon a Friday when the Hamidieh was chosen.

The Yildiz Palace is beyond Pera, on the heights of Cheraan, and its grounds are connected by a bridge with those of Yildiz. It was at Cheraan that poor Abdul Aziz (or *As-was*, as Mr. *Punch* called him) found the

pair of scissors, and cut the Gordian knot withal.

The grounds of Yildiz are beautiful—a great park, walled in, and guarded by Osman Digna and his men. And here the sultan spends his days, and never goes out of the gates, except on Fridays to the mosque, and to hold the Bairam receptions, and pay his customary visit to Santa Sophia, and and seraglio. The park is well guarded, but yet I doubt not the ghost of Abdul Aziz finds entrance there, and sometimes meets with his successor, and reminds him that kings are mortal! It is a kind of splendid imprisonment, but it is splendid. There are pavilions and kiosks; the harem is in the midst of the flower-garden; there are lakes and a theatre. The cage is gilded.

The visitors find themselves in a long room with windows, and exactly opposite is the mosque—white, and glistening, and new. Abdul Hamid built it; perhaps he thought the shorter the way to the church the better—in bad weather.

Our credentials are closely examined—our tickets are not a mere formality. We have not been allowed to bring either umbrellas or opera glasses. Even after we have been admitted, and have taken up our station at our respective windows, there enters to us an officer in full-dress uniform, who calls for the admission cards, and verifies them one by one. And when he chances to upset a drawerful of them in the table he is standing at, quite a new kind of thrill runs through us.

Outside the soldiers are marshalling. We have passed many regiments on our way. A little below, in an open space beside the Pera-Buyukdereh road, a troop of lancers is being drawn up; their grey uniforms and scarlet pennons make a fine background to the gathering crowd, among which is a considerable number of white-veiled women. Higher up the road which leads to the palace gate, we can see the palace gardens, and more soldiers marching under the trees. We hear a strain of martial music, and another regiment comes up, and is posted im-

mediately below us. These are Turkish soldiers—young men—mostly little more than great, sturdy boys, short and thickset, with remarkably heavy jaws, and lowering brows—faces which at this moment seem only dull and stupid, but which could easily express brutal ferocity. They are not good faces, and a very little would make them very bad faces.

The music is sometimes European—a recent fancy of the sultan—but oftenest it is the wild Turkish music, full of strange, discordant half-intervals; to our ears, no music at all, but a wild, disjointed clangor, the most agreeable sounds being those produced by the jangling of a many-branched instrument, like a candelabrum with bells.

And now comes another company of small, slight men, very young; these also in a distinctly Eastern garb, with green turbans; as we watch their loose, rapid march, they remind us of fierce wild creatures—cat o' mountains, and the like, whereof we read in our Robinson Crusoe days. They are the famous Zouaves from Tripoli, the most terrible of Turkish fighting men, and those green turbans are to be their shrouds.

With lithe, cat-like step, the Zouaves pass on up the steep bit of road which lies between us and the palace gate. And after them come more and more, more soldiers, more officers, more pashas, in gorgeous uniforms, with stars and orders, some on horseback, some in carriages; but almost all go on foot as soon as they reach the mosque gate. There is soon a line of horses all across the road. And such horses! Exquisite creatures, clean-limbed, fiery, yet gentle. Many are milk-white, and their coats glisten like satin, and their splendid harness glitters like gold. An official is taking away all knives and weapons from the people in the crowd, and carrying them all, as it seems, into the mosque.

All this while, and ever since we came, men with donkey-carts have been throwing down gravel, and raking it smooth; and inside the mosque enclosure they have been cleaning the

steps up which the sultan is to go. A number of venerable persons in Eastern attire, mostly with green or white turbans, have been streaming into the mosque; they are the imāms, going to assist in the ceremonial.

And now we notice an increased attention in the crowd, and we see an officer walking along before a carriage, in which there are ladies very closely veiled. All we can see of them are hideous blue and pink satin skirts, and flowing veils of silver tissue. Beside each carriage—for there are two or three—walks a tall, sinuous person, in a long black coat of some thin stuff. They are not of Turkish race—our imagination, fed on the "Arabian Nights," concludes them to be Ethiopians. The ladies are the sultan's daughters.

The gates of the enclosure are flung wide open, and the carriages pass in, but draw up at the side, and after some conference between the obsequious functionaries and the ladies, the horses are taken out, and the carriages are left standing with the ladies still inside, for it appears they do not enter the mosque. This gives us a slight shock. Of a certainty, Asia has come over into Europe.

By this time there is a small army posted in and about the road; and now what seems a body-guard of about a score of very tall, fair men, is marched into the enclosure, and stands close by the little stair. The sultan is late. The clock of the mosque has struck five (Turkish time). It is noon.

In the bright sunshine, after a rainy morning, the spectacle is splendid everywhere. There are the brilliant Turkish uniforms, and glancing swords and head-pieces, and pawing horses. There is a whole galaxy of stars, and within the enclosure there is now a dense line three deep of pashas, palace-officials, and a few imāms, who have remained outside. And now, after one or two false alarms, the sultan comes.

It is a short procession—only two or three carriages, full of gorgeous persons—and then the padishah, in his state buggy. He wears a decidedly shabby, long, fur-trimmed coat, and

a fez, in which is a jewel. Opposite to him sits Osman Digna—it is whispered, *restored* to favor.

Our first thought is that the sultan is very much like his portraits, our next, that here is the Sick Man. The appropriateness of the phrase strikes us with irresistible force. Never, I think, did I see so melancholy and hopeless a countenance. Perhaps it is the splendid monotony of the Yildiz gardens; perhaps it is the Armenian question; perhaps he has caught this air of sickness and decay from the decay of his empire. But I would rather sweep a crossing than be sultan of Turkey. Never saw I a crossing-sweeper who looked so unutterably miserable.

As he approaches the mosque gates, an officer gives the word, and all those sturdy, thickset boy-soldiers shout together, in a brief, toneless shout, with no ring in it, the most mechanical sound I ever heard proceed from living lips. The sultan acknowledges it by a very slight gesture, then the carriage drives in, the soldiers turn that way, and shout again, the royal carriage passes the line of bowing courtiers (they look like a row of poppies, bending in the wind), and alights close to the little stairway which leads up to the mosque. It is at one corner, there is no grand entrance, and he goes up the stair alone, and leaves all his guards standing there. His tall, frail figure is strangely unsuggestive of sovereignty.

As he goes up, how much alone he seems! Is he well-assured, we wonder, of finding only friends within? The short passage up those steps oddly suggests that other passage which we must all make alone, no matter how many may be assembled to see us go. What was but a grand and showy military display suddenly becomes an image of life and death, as the tall, feeble figure lays its hand on the door, and passes into the mysterious interior of the mosque.

The stair leads into a sort of lobby, with glass windows and doors. Here he disappears; he is gone to offer up

his prayers as successor of the Prophet, and spiritual, as well as temporal head of Islam. He is the khalif, as well as the padishah.

Then there is silence. A nice little boy, the sultan's favorite son, mounts a pretty pony—a little toy-officer on a toy horse. A messenger rides off with much ado, making his way through the hedge of guards and saddle-horses. Some of the court officials have gone in after the sultan—at another and a wider door; but most of them remain without. An attendant hastily sweeps and washes the sacred stair, against the sultan's return.

We wait half an hour and more. Then the crowd of turbans begin to stream out from the other door, the lancers move off, the disposition of the troops is changed. The sultan comes out, but this time he gets into his private buggy, and drives himself, in which action some have seen a proof that his vitality is unimpaired by much pacing up and down in the rose-scented air of the Yildiz gardens. Two minutes take him back to his palace gates. His weekly outing is over.

MARY A. M. MARKS.

From the Spectator.

THE HIGH SAND.

"And round the roofs a golden gallery,
That lent broad verge to distant lands,
Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky
Dipt down to sea and sands."

The great barrier sand which fringes the Norfolk coast, is the counterpart in our island of the Great Barrier Reef guarding the east Australian shore. From the Lynn Deepes eastward it swells and grows, until the myriad particles, compacted by tide and current, rise into the bank marked in the charts as the High Sand, which lies between wind and water, from Hunstanton to Yarmouth Roads. From Wells to Blakeney its summit caps all but the highest tides, soft in outline like golden snow, built up of matter as homogeneous as snowflakes, and only less fantastic in contour than the snow-drifts, because water-soaked sand is heavier than an

equal mass of clay. In the dark winter days the contrast of colors between the region of the sand and the parallel line of cultivated land, marks and emphasizes the astonishing difference in kind between those adjacent tracts of mother earth. The contrast extends from earth to sky, for the salt sands invite the wind and repel the clouds, while the sodden uplands with their hues of wood, suck in the water and hug the mists in every hollow. Thus each region keeps its own scheme of color, and covers this with an appropriate sky. Looking inland from the rounded summit of the sand, the eye meets long lines of gloom and darkness. Dull clouds brood in smoke and heaviness above the fields, and steam and mist rise from the earth to meet them, suggesting the origin of the post-Roman myth that here lay the land of everlasting twilight, to whose verge the ghostly ships were ever busy transporting the souls of the departed. But the edge of the bright sand marks the limit of these clinging vapors. As the leaden clouds drift seawards they are sucked outwards and upwards by ascending currents, the solid masses are drawn out, torn, and carded into flakes, as if by invisible fingers; the "rack dislimns," and whitens into drift and scud; lakes and splashes of azure broaden between the whitening clouds; tall shafts of light stalk across the plain and along the margin of the bank whence comes the everlasting thunder of the sea. Under such shifting skies the tawny sand changes with every gleam of light, or shadow of cloud, or change of level in the bank. Where the mass rises like a turtle's back, or has beset the black timbers of the wrecks, it takes the color of red-gold; where the shafts of light traverse it, or the wet flats lie, it pales and fades. When the clouds darken and descend, then the sand flushes and reddens, and the darkness, which kills all color on the land, only brings out by contrast the warmth and glow of the limitless levels of the bank. When the tide is at its lowest, the sands seem more extensive even than the levels of the sea. Northwards the

shallow sea itself seems to rise abruptly to the horizon, the lines of breakers appearing superimposed each upon the other, like a wall of faced grey flint with the white edges shining. But right and left the sand runs on forever, its surface unbroken by wave or ridge, but marked from distance to distance by the wrecks, the beacons, and the dim outline of the fowlers' nets, hanging like giant cobwebs, or the sails of phantom ships.

The wrecks are the ancient ruins in this shifting realm of sand. For ten, twenty, thirty years they have been fixed in the bank as firmly as if held in molten lead. Like ruined castles, each has its story, accurately remembered in the history of the coast. Scarcely one of the crews has ever lived to reach the shore, for no lifeboat can cross the sand, into which the wrecks drift at high-water, and no man can swim through the miles of shallow surf to reach the land. One wreck was full of frozen Lascars, whose black corpses, wrapped in shreds of cotton cloth, were washed up day by day on the snow which covered the high sand. Another is the ruin of a sailing ship of the largest size—the *Pensacola*—loaded with immense barks of timber; she came ashore with her masts smashed and her crew drowned, and grounded on the bank. There she lies yet, the deck facing the shore, her bottom filled with sand, her copper bolts green as malachite, and in her hold huge logs of tropical timber packed and wedged with pebbles, weed, and shells. Mile after mile, from wreck to wreck, of ship, ketch, brigantine, barque, schooner, and smack, the same story might be told. When the lifeboat has reached the wreck it has often only added to the victims of the sand. A vessel grounded in a gale on the outer sand, and the lifeboat was towed through devious channels and set loose out at sea to drift down to the wreck. The boat capsized, and all but two of the men were drowned. Of the survivors, one clung to the boat till it was washed ashore. The other, by sheer strength, swam and struggled through the

breakers across the whole width of the High Sand, through the inner channel, and into the sand-hills which bank the shore.

The line of highest elevation in this bank runs nearest to the sea. Here, at a distance of from one to two miles from the coast, the curve of the bank resembles that of the back of some enormous sole. At ordinary tides this is not covered by the sea, and to its safe surface, so smooth and uniform that it can conceal no enemy, a thousand wild grey-geese come every year from Lapland, and make it their nightly resting-place. If the tide covers the sand, the geese let it float them off their legs, and swim gently with the flood. At other times they sleep upon its highest line, leaving the sand at daybreak for the preserved fields and marshes inland. Some years ago the local fowlers, baffled in their attempts to shoot the geese when passing to and from the feeding-places, and aware of the danger of lying out upon the sand to shoot them by night, set up long lines of netting on the sand, to take the geese both when flying on dark nights and when swimming with the tide. At first the geese were caught in numbers. Now they are more wary; but the nets remain, with wide meshes hanging loosely in the wind, and poles and crossbars, staged and rigged like masts.

Even stints and knots are caught in these nets, though the meshes are more than twenty inches across. Away to the east, by Stiffkey and Blakeney, vast flats and bights of wetter sand lie between the high bank and the shore. As the writer last crossed this region of emptiness, a furious steady gale was blowing from land to sea, with such insistence that the thousands of shore-birds upon the sands, though anxious to make their way against the storm to the shelter of Wells Harbor and the inner marshes, were constantly whirled backward like clouds of drifting leaves, towards the east. Nowhere on the world's surface, not even at sea, has the wind such absolute power as on these flats. Nothing even so large as a

leaf breaks its force. It pushes like some giant hand, pressing every inch of body, face, limbs, and clothing. There are no lulls, or currents, or breathing space. All the lower air is full of grains of sand, moving swiftly on like dry mist, even across the wettest flats, grains taken from the "hills" on the shore, to be piled upon the highest bank seawards. There, except by virtue of the cohesion given by the daily tides, it has no firm abiding place. The next northern gale carries its millions of grains, with other millions added, back to the shore, where the greater part is piled among the "marrum-grass," and there remains in the ever-growing sand-hills, which in turn protect the inner marshes, and help them to grow into firm dry land. A sand-hill is not "made" so much as planted. Wherever a patch of "marrum-grass" takes root, there the sand blown from the great bank gathers round it. As the sand spreads, the grass grows through it, until the hard dry blades form the nucleus of thousands of tons of "hills." Near Holkham Bay, there lay not forty years ago a wet "lake," inside the high sand. There the "gunners" used to hide for curlew, digging holes, and filling them with "marrum-grass" to make them dry and comfortable. This grass took root, the sand gathered round, and where the "lake" lay is now a tumultuous mass of rounded hillocks, rising twenty feet above high-water level,—built by the "marrum-grass" from the surplus driftings of the mighty sand. On the great bank itself, there is little of the minor incident which interests even in the chance-built sand-hills; only a fringe of fragile razor-shells and pink sea-net along the margin of the sea, flocks of birds sitting, their white breasts shining in the sun, purple mussel-shells wrenched from the beds, and lying in spots of brilliant color, on the tawny sand. But nowhere on dry land is there such a pervading sense of space, of air, of distance, of pure bright color, and of the dominant presence of the sea.

